The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The April Bookman will be a Spring Double Number and a Robert Louis Stevenson Number in one. It will include a large and fully illustrated Supplement dealing with the new season's books, and among the principal contents will be a special article on Stevenson by Neil Munro, articles on Cardinal Newman, by Dr. William Barry; George Borrow, by Thomas Seecombe; Joseph Conrad's Recollections, by Perceval Gibbon; The Art of the Short Story, by A. St. John Adcock; Lafcadio Hearn, by Francis Bickley; Augustus Toplady, by Dr. James Moffatt, etc., etc.

Mr. Harold Begbie has been making a journey through Ireland, in view of the forthcoming Home Rule struggle, and will contribute to the *Daily Chronicle* a series of articles dealing with his observations and experiences of the country and its people.

Mr. Heinemann publishes this spring a "Life of Neitzsche" written by his sister, Frau Foerster-Nietzsche, who was the philosopher's constant companion and nurse in his later years. It will be in two volumes, the first being devoted to "The Young Nietzsche."

"The Sad Shepherd," by Henry Van Dyke, is a companion volume to his "Story of the Other Wise Man," and treats of Love in much the same way as the other book treated of Worship. It will be published immediately by Messrs. Harper.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker, whose new novel, "Second Fiddle," has just been published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash, is the daughter of the first Baron Houghton, who is still better known in the world of letters as Monckton Milnes, and with her father's wonderful charm of manner and genius for friendship she inherits also his capacity for drawing into her social circle, as it was said that he did into his, almost "everybody worth knowing" in literature, in art, and in the public life of the day. She married in 1882 the late Major-General the Hon. Arthur H. Henniker, and published her first novel, "Sir George" in 1891; following this with "Foiled," in 1893; and "In Scarlet and Grey" in 1896, one story in which volume, "The Spectre of the Real," she wrote in collaboration with Mr. Thomas Hardy; in 1898,

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she published "Sowing the Sand," and in 1903, "Contrasts." Moreover, Mrs. Henniker has twice appeared successfully as a dramatist: with "The Courage of Silence," a four act play, at the King's Theatre, Hammersmith, in 1905, and "Our Fatal Shadows," in 1907. "Second Fiddle," which we review on another page, offers the presentment of an entirely commonplace woman. There are many charming short stories of Mrs. Henniker's still lying uncollected in the back numbers of magazines, some of them very striking and faithful sketches of military life, and it is possible her next book may be a volume of these.

In 1896 Mrs. Henniker acted as President of the Society of Women Journalists, and she has always taken an active and a sympathetic interest in the affairs of the world she writes about. She has done much good work among the poor of London, is an enthusiastic supporter of those societies whose object is the protection of animals and birds, and, her books reflecting herself, a broad humanitarianism is the natural keynote of all her writings.

"Little Incidents," a volume of stories and sketches by Mr. Frederick Watson, a son of the late Ian Maclaren, is to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton. Mr. Watson has edited several books, and is well known as a contributor to *Punch*, *Chambers' Journal*, *The Windsor*, and *The Westminster Gazette*, but "Little Incidents" is the first book to which he has put his own name.

"By the Way: A Collection of Poems, Fragments and Notes" by William Allingham is to be ready this month. The book is arranged and edited by Mrs. Allingham. We are sorry that in reviewing last month the "Letters to William Allingham" we mentioned Messrs. Macmillan as the publishers. That volume, like this new one, "By the Way," is published by Messrs. Longmans.

Mr. J. E. Patterson has made his reputation as a novelist, but he began his literary career as a poet with a little book called "The Mermaid," that was printed by subscription for private circulation. This narrative poem, thoroughly revised and enlarged, is included with many of Mr. Patterson's songs and ballads that have not before been collected in a volume that Mr. Heinemann is publishing shortly under the title of "Daughters of Nereus." At present, Mr. Patterson is engaged on a novel of modern political life that is to be ready for publication this autumn.

The Countess of Warwick has written, for Messrs. Jack's "Pilgrim Books" series, a volume on William Morris which is illustrated with crayon drawings by A. Forestier.

Lafcadio Hearn and his wife.
From "Lafcadio Hearn, his Life and Work," by Nina H. Kennard (Nash), which we are reviewing next month.

Mr. Patrick MacGill, whose "Gleanings from a Navvy's Scrapbook," was reviewed in our January Number, has another collection of his poems in the press, and the volume will be ready by the end of March. It is gratifying to know that his first book not only had a very considerable sale, but has aroused a very considerable literary interest in him and his work. As before, Mr. MacGill will be his own publisher and will issue his new book from his present address, 4, The Cloisters, Windsor.

The Literary Year Book, which has long taken its place among the indispensable reference books that the literary worker must needs have on his table, will in future, we understand, be published by Mr. John Ouseley.

Messrs. Stephen Swift & Co. are issuing shortly "Leaves of Prose, Interleaved with Verse," by Miss Annie Matheson, a selection of short studies in literature, art, sociology and nature. The volume includes two papers specially written for it by Miss May Sinclair.

Mr. Martin Secker is publishing immediately "Robert Ket and the Norfolk Rising," by Mr. Joseph Clayton—the story of the great agricultural revolt of the sixteenth century that was led by Ket and had its centre at Norwich.

"Some Thoughts on 'Hamlet,'" a lecture delivered last year by Mr. H. B. Irving before the Chancellor and Senate of Sydney University, has been published over here in pamphlet form by the Australian Book Company. It is a brilliant and incisive essay on Shakespeare's dramatic art, arguing subtly against the reality of Hamlet's madness; incidentally, it drives a strong nail into the coffin of the theory that Bacon was the author of the plays.

One of the most important books of the spring publishing season is "The Memoirs of Francesco Crispi," which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are issuing immediately. The Memoirs consist mainly of pages from Crispi's journals, official documents and letters that are now made public for the first time. Signor T. Palamenghi-Crispi linking the whole together with a luminous commentary and narrative of events. Incidentally, the book will vindicate the transactions of Crispi's closing years, and throughout it throws many new and sometimes sensational sidelights on the political history of the nineteenth century.

Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton),

whose new novel "Dame Verona of the Angels" (Methuen) is reviewed on page 306.

"The House of Windows," by Isabel Ecclestone Mackay, is a story of Canadian life that Messrs. Cassell are publishing. Miss Mackay is well known as a contributor of short stories to the Canadian magazines, and in 1904 she published a volume of verse, "Between the Lights," that met with an unusually favourable reception. She was the first President, and is now Vice-President (representing British Columbia) of the Canadian Women's Press Club.

Miss Isabel Ecclestone MacKay.

Messrs. Dent are publishing at the end of this month "Famous London Houses," by A. St. John Adcock. It contains chapters on Some Celebrated Cockneys, on Shakespeare in London, describes the personalities of certain great authors and artists, and tells the story of so much of their lives as was passed in existing London houses that they once occupied. The volume is illustrated with portraits and with seventy-four drawings by Mr. Frederick Adcock.

Mr. James Baker is at work upon a new book about Austria, that is to be illustrated in colour by Mr. Donald Maxwell. The two-shilling edition of Mr. Baker's novels that Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing has reached its fourth volume, the fourth being "Mark Tillotson."

This month Messrs. Constable will commence the publication of a new quarterly to be called "Bedrock: A quarterly review of Scientific Thought." Its aim is to deal with all the greater problems of modern science in a manner both fundamentally scientific and that shall be generally interesting to the educated public. The contents of the first Number will include "The Value of a Logic of Method," by Professor J. Welton, M.A.; "Recent Researches on Alcoholism," by G. Archibald Reid, M.B., F.I.S.E.; "Darwin and Bergson as Interpreters of Evolution," by E. W. Poulton, LL.D., D.Sc., F.R.S.; "Social and Sexual Evolution," by the Hermit of Prague; Notes on Current Research, etc., etc.

Another new quarterly that has published a first Number is "History: A Quarterly Magazine for the

Student and the Expert." It purposes to do for the student and the teacher what the English and the Scottish *Historical Reviews* do for the scholar of ripe erudition, and among its contents are articles on "John Stow and London Life in the Reign of Elizabeth," by C. L. Kingsford, M.A.; "Significant History for the Upper Standards," by Frank J. Adkins, M.A.; "The Place of History in Education," by Professor F. J. C. Hearnshaw, M.A., LL.D.; "The Relations of History and Geography," by Professor Ramsay Muir, M.A.; "Norway's German Problem," by Harold F. B. Wheeler, etc.

Mr. John Long asks us to contradict very emphatically a rumour he keeps meeting in the publishing world to the effect that he contemplates retiring from business. The recent important changes that have been made in his publishing staff may, he thinks, have given rise to this misunderstanding. Though Mr. Long has been actively engaged in publishing for nearly thirty years, he is still on the right side of fifty, and has no inclination yet to rest on his laurels. He has a sound constitution, is as full of vigour as ever, and we agree with him in thinking that a glance at his photograph should reassure anybody who fancies he may be fading and feeling delicate.

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mr. John Long.**

Miss Gwendolen Pryce.

Messrs. Cassell are publishing a new novel "A Long Shadow," by Miss Gwendolen Pryce, that tells the story of the long shadow which, according to the proverb, "a little man may cast," and how it affected the lives of the people who came under its influence. Miss Pryce writes of Wales and the Welsh with a first hand knowledge of her subject. She is the daughter of a Welsh clergyman and was brought up, one of a large family, in a remote rural district. She and her four sisters all played stringed instruments, all wrote, or tried to write, all rode and swam and climbed, and in holiday time she and her brother would wander about together amusing themselves with helping or hindering in the village workshops, or spending one day at the heels of the gamekeeper, and the next with a poacher who was out fishing or rabbiting, and the next perhaps lounging and sharing the sailors meals aboard some smack that was anchored in the bay, and something of all these early impressions and experiences Miss Pryce has set herself to recapture in this latest book of hers.

Messrs. Jack issued a day or two ago the first twelve volumes in a new and important series that they are calling "The People's Books." The series is to cover science, history, philosophy, religion, social and economic questions and general literature, each book being specially written for it from a popular standpoint by authors who are recognised authorities on the subjects they will undertake. We hope to deal adequately with these and with the latest additions to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's admirable Home University Library next month.

Thirty-nine further volumes have just been added to Messrs. Dent's valuable Everyman's Library, bringing the total number of volumes up to six hundred. The new thirty-nine are an excellent selection, and everybody will particularly welcome among them "Froude's History of Queen Elizabeth's Reign"; "Piers Plowman"; Mr. Canton's "Invisible Playmate", W. V. "Her Book", and "In Memory of W.V.;" "Tolstoi's Childhood, Boyhood and Youth"; Morris's "Life and Death of Jason"; "Stow's Survey of London"; "Lives of Mazzini, Constable, and Mozart;" "Dryden's Dramatic Essays;" and "Whitman's Leaves of Grass and Democratic Vistas."

In the "Autobiography of Boswell," which Messrs. Chatto & Windus are publishing, Mr. Percy Fitzgerald has developed an interesting theory as to the origin of Johnson's "Life."

Mr. E. H. Visiak has turned from smugglers and salt-water heroes in a new volume that Mr. Elkin Mathews is publishing, and has joined that growing company of latter-day poets who find their inspiration in poverty and the drab lives of the city. His book is called "The Slum-Child and other Poems," and will contain an introduction by Mr. W. H. Helm.

Messrs. Mills & Boon have just published a new novel by Mrs. Stanley Wrench, "Ruth of the Rowldrich," a story of conflict between love and ambition, between the quiet life among her own people in the country, and the call of London, and the charm of the literary life as it is lived in town. Mrs. Stanley Wrench has written a good many stories for the magazines in collaboration with her husband, and they are now collaborating in the first novel they have written together, and expect to have it ready for publication this autumn.

Photo by G. C. Beresford.

Miss Margaret Legge.

Author of "A Semi-Detached Marriage," which Messrs. Alston Rivers are publishing this month.

Photo by Campbell Gray.

Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Wrench.

Messrs. Mills & Boon are publishing a book on "The Italians of To-Day," by Mr. Richard Bagot. Few Englishmen know more of Italy as it is than Mr. Bagot, and he devotes himself in his new work to describing the home life of all classes of the Italian community, and refuting, and, we understand, disproving the charges of inhumanity that have been brought against the Italian troops in Tripoli.

Mr. Oliver Onions has completed a new novel, "In Accordance with the Evidence," which will be published this month by Mr. Martin Seeker.

An important book of particular interest just now is one that Mr. Andrew Melrose is publishing this spring on "Germany and the German Emperor," by Mr. G. H. Perris. It offers a close study of German character, and a strong indictment of the temperament and aims of the Kaiser as they are reflected in his famous World Policy.

Every month almost brings us some new book about London, and still the subject remains unexhausted. We look forward with especial anticipations of pleasure to Mr. Chancellor Beresford's "Annals of Fleet Street," that Messrs. Chapman & Hall are issuing next week.

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Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. announce a new novel by Margarete Böhme, whose previous book, "The Diary of a Lost One," has already sold over a hundred and fifty thousand copies and been translated into every European language. Her new romance, "The Department Store: A Novel of To-day," deals realistically with life in the modern emporium—the huge stores that have become such prominent features in all modern cities. The author's first aim has been to tell a living and interesting story, and incidentally to reveal the effects that life in these department stores has on the assistants who work in them and the public who shop there. Margarete Feddersen was born and spent her early youth at Husum, in Holstein. Her first husband was Mr. Böhme; later she married Mr. Schulter, a large manufacturer. For many years she made her home in the Rhine district, but for the last ten years she has settled down in Berlin, where her books have been written.

Margarete Böhme.

Our photograph of Mr. Percy Fitzgerald last month was taken by Messrs. Elliott & Fry, and is their copyright. We regret that we did not know this in time to make due acknowledgment under the portrait.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. Smith Elder & Co. with whose kind permission we have been able to reproduce many of the interesting drawings that illustrate our article on Lady Thackeray Ritchie.

For much assistance with the general illustrations in this number we are indebted to the courtesy of Mr. Eveleigh Nash, Messrs. Cassell, Messrs. Alston Rivers, Messrs. Appleton, Messrs. Hutchinson, Mr. Heinemann, Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co., and Messrs. Greening.

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

March 1st to April 1st, 1912.

Messrs. Allen & Co. (Incorporating Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., Ltd.)

CARPENTER, E.—The Drama of Love and Death. 5s. net.
SMITH, REV. E. STAFFORD.—Pastoralia: Parish Readings for the Clergy. With a preface by Dr. J. Nevill Figgis. 2s. 6d. net.
STERREY, C. E.—A Voice from the Night: Novel. 6s.

Messrs. Appleton & Co.

BÖHME, MARGARETE.—The Department Store. 6s.
CHAMBERS, ROBERT W.—The Adventures of a Modest Man. Illustrated. 6s.
PHILLIPS, DAVID GRAHAM.—The Conflict. 6s.

Mr. Edward Arnold.

BENSUSAN, S. L.—Father William. 5s. net.
COHEN, PROFESSOR J. B. and RUSTON, A. G.—Smoke: A Study of Town Air. 5s. net.
CORNFORD, F. M.—From Religion to Philosophy. 10s. 6d. net.
CROSTHWAITE, SIR C., K.C.S.I.—The Pacification of Burma. 16s. net.
FOAKES-JACKSON, F. J., D.D. (Edited by).—The Parting of the Roads: Studies in the Development of Judaism and Early Christianity. 10s. 6d. net.
HOME, SURGEON-GENERAL SIR A. D., V.C., K.C.B.—Service Memories in Four Continents. 12s. 6d. net.
LUNN, ARNOLD (Edited by). Oxford Mountaineering Essays. 5s. net.

Messrs. J. W. Arrowsmith.

ANSTEY, F.—The Tinted Venus. Reprint. 1s. net.
BELLOC, HILAIRE.—The Green Overcoat. With Illustrations by G. K. Chesterton. 6s.
CONWAY, HUGH.—Called Back. Reprint. 1s. net.
MARTIN, MISS CLARA.—A Little Aversion. 6s.

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BARRINGTON, MRS. RUSSELL.—Through Greece and Dalmatia. 7s. 6d. net.
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FERNIE, F.—Dry Fly Fishing in Border Waters. 2s. 6d. net.
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Health Culture for Busy Men. 1s. net.
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THOMAS, EDWARD.—George Borrow. 10s. 6d. net.
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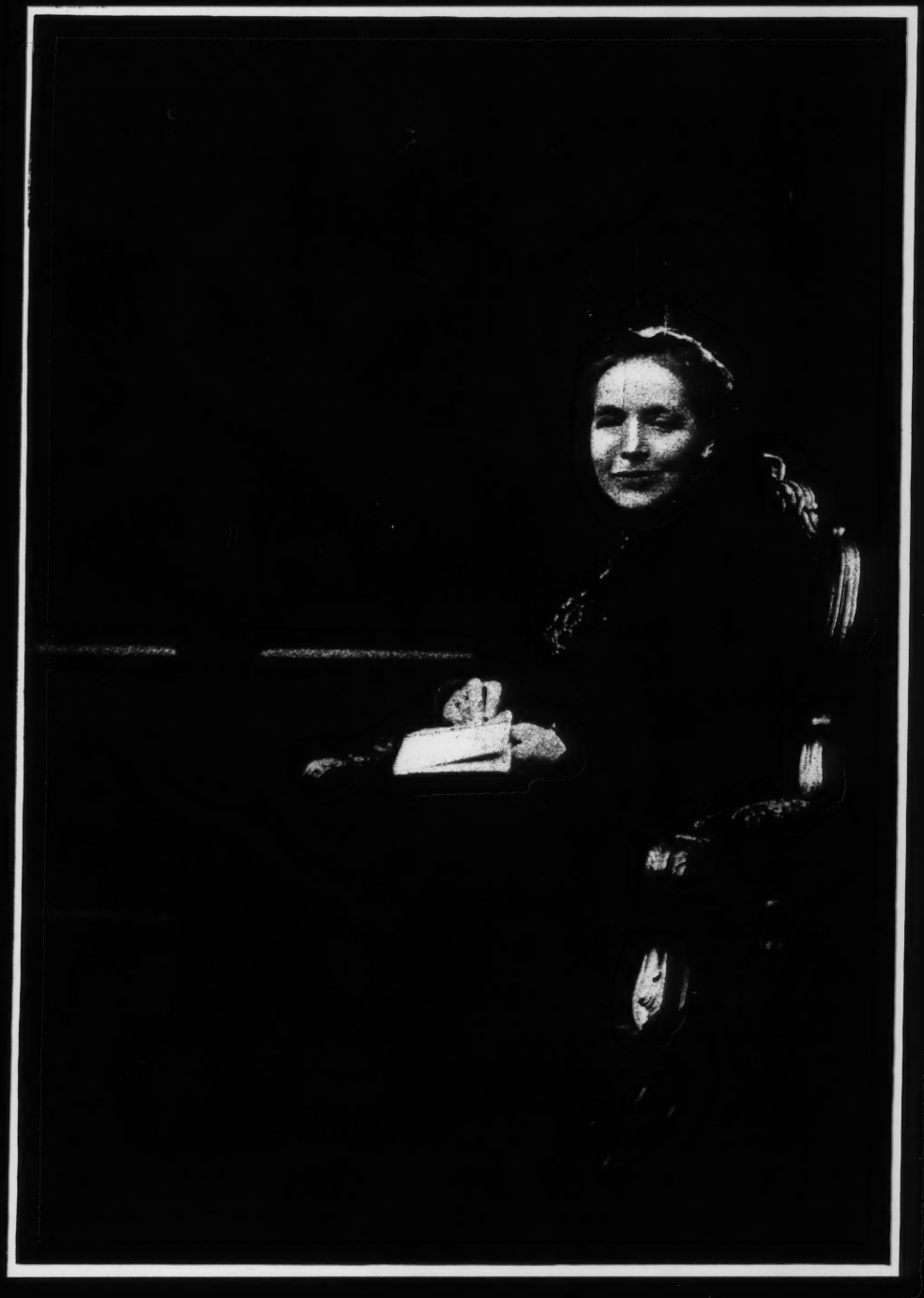


THE READER.

LADY THACKERAY RITCHIE.

By Lewis Melville.

APART from all other considerations, concerning which I shall presently have something to say, Lady Ritchie has, as a daughter of Thackeray, a boundless claim upon our regard, nay, upon our affection. Even when speaking of the novelist in connection with his family, it would be affectation to write Mr. Thackeray: as well talk of Mr. Henry Fielding, and say His Worship wrote a story called "Tom Jones." Thackeray has taken his place in our hearts, not only as a writer, but as a man. We love the man, and such is his fascination that we cannot but love, even though we may never have seen them, those whom he loved. One of those "little girls" of his, to whom he was so devoted, has gone from us, and so Lady Ritchie has the double portion of the world's regard as the sole surviving daughter of him who was so much honoured in his lifetime, and whose memory it is our privilege, as it is our pleasure and our duty, to admire and respect to-day. To those versed in his works and in the story of his life, so admirably narrated in a series of Biographical Introductions by Lady Ritchie, there is always a touch of pathos when, at the occasional dinners of the Titmarsh Club, founded in his honour, the company, members and guests alike, rise, at the bidding of the chairman of the evening, to drink in silence to "The Immortal Memory of William Makepeace Thackeray."

Lady Thackeray Ritchie.

After the Painting by G. F. Watts in 1864-5.

"My father lived in good company, so that even as children we must have seen a good many poets and remarkable people, though we were not always conscious of our privileges," Lady Ritchie has written in one of the three volumes from which we may glean some auto-biographical material.* One of her earliest memories was the second funeral of Napoleon, her vague recollection of which she recorded in her happiest vein:

"I began life at four or five years old as a fervent Napoleonist. The great Emperor had not been dead a quarter of a century when I was a little child. He was certainly alive in the hearts of the French people and of the children growing up among them. Influenced by the cook, we adored his memory, and the *concierge* had a clock with a laurel wreath which for some reason kindled all our enthusiasm.

"As a baby, holding my father's finger I had stared at the second funeral of Napoleon sweeping up the great roadway of the Champs Elysées. The ground was white with new fallen snow, and I had never seen snow before; it seemed to me to be a part of the funeral; a mighty pall indeed, spread for the obsequies of so great a warrior. It was the snow I thought about, though I looked with awe at the black and glittering carriages which came up like ships sailing past us, noiselessly one by one. They frightened me, for I thought there was a dead emperor in each. This weird procession gave a strange importance to the memory of the great Emperor, and also to the little marble statuette of him on the nursery chimney-piece. It stood with folded arms contemplating the decadence of France, black and silent and reproachful."

Lady Ritchie remembers seeing the Iron Duke in the street, and being told a story by Lord Palmerston At a very early age she was taken to Chopin's room and heard him play a piece he had just composed;

*"Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning" (Macmillan), 1892. "Chapters from some Memoirs" (Macmillan), 1894. "Blackstick Papers" (Smith, Elder & Co.), 1908.

XUM

Louis Philippe was pointed out to her at Paris; and with Leigh Hunt and Trelawny she could boast acquaintance, as well as with that inimitable Victorian buck, D'Orsay. Rogers she found one day when she went with her father to Mrs. Procter's—"he was like a Chinese mandarin with an ivory face. His expression never changed." As a child she was frequently at Dickens's house, and she has recorded a very pretty incident that occurred at one of the parties there at which she was present:

"Only this much I do remember very clearly, that we had danced and supped and danced again; and that we were all standing in a hall lighted and hung with bunches of Christmas green, and, as I have said, everything seemed altogether magnificent and important, more magnificent

Lady Anne Thackeray Ritchie.
Age 6 months.

From a drawing made by W. M. Thackeray at Great Coram Street.

and important every minute, as the evening went on, and more and more people kept arriving. The hall was crowded and the broad staircase was lined with little boys—thousands of little boys whose heads and legs and arms were waving about together. They were making a great noise, and shouting, and the eldest son of the house seemed to be marshalling them. Presently their noise became a cheer, and then another, and we looked up and saw that our own father had come to fetch us, and that his white head was there above the others; then came a third final ringing cheer, and someone went up to him—it was Mr. Dickens himself—who laughed and said quietly: 'That is for you!' and my father looked up surprised, pleased, touched, settled his spectacles and nodded gravely to the little boys."

Lady Ritchie, of course, knew all the members of her father's set, the Carlyles, Lord Houghton, the Theodore

"Father and Little Girl,"
Lady Ritchie and W. M. Thackeray.

A sketch made by Thackeray about 1840.

From "The Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works." With Prefaces by Lady Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Martins, the Brookfields, Fanny Kemble, Mrs. Sartoris, Landseer, Watts, Millais, Cattermole, Leslie, Ruskin, the Tennysons, the Brownings, "dear old Fitz," and how many more? She has given to the world some "Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, and Browning," and in this book there is an excellent picture of Mrs. Browning:

"To the writer's own particular taste there will never be any more delightful person than the simple-minded woman of the world, who has seen enough to know what its praise is all worth, who is sure enough of her position to take it for granted, who is interested in the person she is talking to, and unconscious of anything but a wish to give kindness and attention. This is the impression Mrs. Browning made on me from the first moment I ever saw her to the last. Alas! the moments were not so very many when we were together. Perhaps all the more vivid is the recollection of the peaceful home, of the fireside

Lady Ritchie and her younger sister.

A sketch by Thackeray for *Punch*: "Horrid Tragedy in Private Life," Feb. 6th, 1847.

From "The Centenary Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works." With Prefaces by Lady Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

W. M. Thackeray.

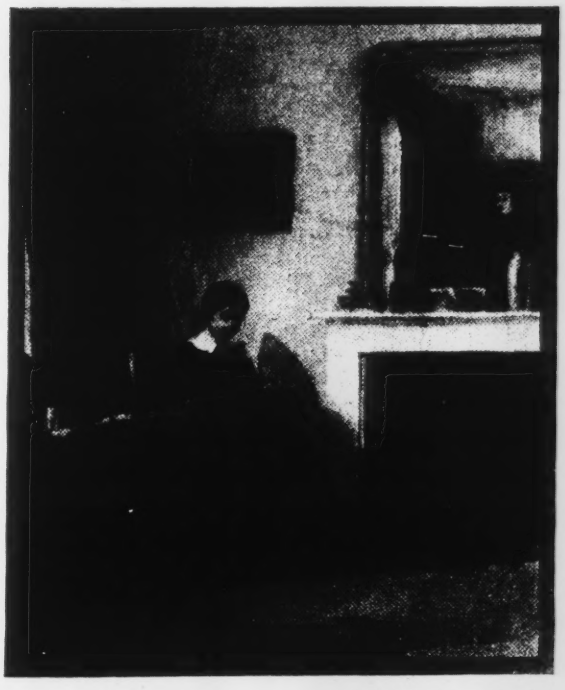
From the painting by Samuel Laurence, in the National Portrait Gallery.

where the logs are burning, while the lady of that kind hearth is established in her safe corner, with her little boy curled up by her side, the door opening and shutting meanwhile to the quick step of the master of the house, to the life of the world without as it came to find her in her quiet nook. The house seemed to my sister and to me warmer, more full of interest and peace in her sitting-room than elsewhere. Whether at Florence, at Rome, at Paris, or in London once more, she seemed to carry her own atmosphere always, something serious, motherly, absolutely artless, and yet impassioned, noble, and sincere. I can recall the slight figure in its thin black dress, the writing apparatus by the sofa, the tiny inkstand, the quill-nibbed pen—the unpretentious implements of her magic. 'She was a little woman; she liked little things,' Mr. Browning used to say. Her miniature editions of the classics are still carefully preserved with her name written in each in her delicate, sensitive handwriting, and always with her husband's name above her own, for she dedicated all her books to him; it was a fancy that she had. Nor must his presence in the home be forgotten any more than in the books—the spirited domination and inspired commonsense, which seemed to give a certain life to her vaguer visions. But of those visions Mrs. Browning rarely spoke; she was too simple and practical to indulge in many apostrophes."

Has anyone given a better insight into the poet's character in fewer words?

Lady Anne Thackeray Ritchie.

From a water-colour painted by W. M. Thackeray, at Young Street, Kensington.



The Amanuensis.

Portrait of Lady Ritchie, aged about 18, at 36, Onslow Square. From the water-colour drawing by her father.

From "The Century Biographical Edition of Thackeray's Works." With Prefaces by Lady Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Leech was a friend of the novelist, and Lady Ritchie remembers how one day she met her father in the Kensington Road, walking towards Palace Green, carrying two blue Dutch pots, which he had just surreptitiously taken from his own study. "I am going to see if they won't stand upon Leech's dining-room chimney-piece," he told her; and somewhat to the girl's disappointment, for Thackeray was always giving away his china, a satisfactory place was found for them in Leech's house. Most amusing of all Lady Ritchie's recollections is that concerned with the great occasion when Charlotte Brontë went to dine at Young Street. It was an interesting gathering—Mrs. Brookfield, Mrs. Crowe, the Carlyles, Mrs. Elliott and Miss Perry, Mrs. Procter and her daughter. The dinner was very dull, the guests rarely spoke, the host became more and more depressed, until, when the ladies had gone to the drawing-room,

"Waiting for Papa."

Drawn by Fred Walker.

From "Five Old Friends," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Thackeray slipped away to the club, leaving the party to disperse when and how it would.

At least as interesting as anything Lady Ritchie has given us, are her recollections of her father. Her introductions to the Centenary Biographical edition of Thackeray's Works are very valuable, and contain many of his hitherto unpublished letters and drawings, and no student of Thackeray can complete his education without these twenty-six volumes. But even more intimate are the few references to Thackeray in the "Chapters from Some Memoirs." Shall we ever have the complete memoirs? we feel impelled to ask, hoping that the question may some day not far off be answered in the affirmative. We like to read of the travels of Thackeray with his daughters; of their stay at Berne in the summer of 1853, when walking with them in some woods he strayed from

Beamish and Catherine.

Drawn by Fred Walker.

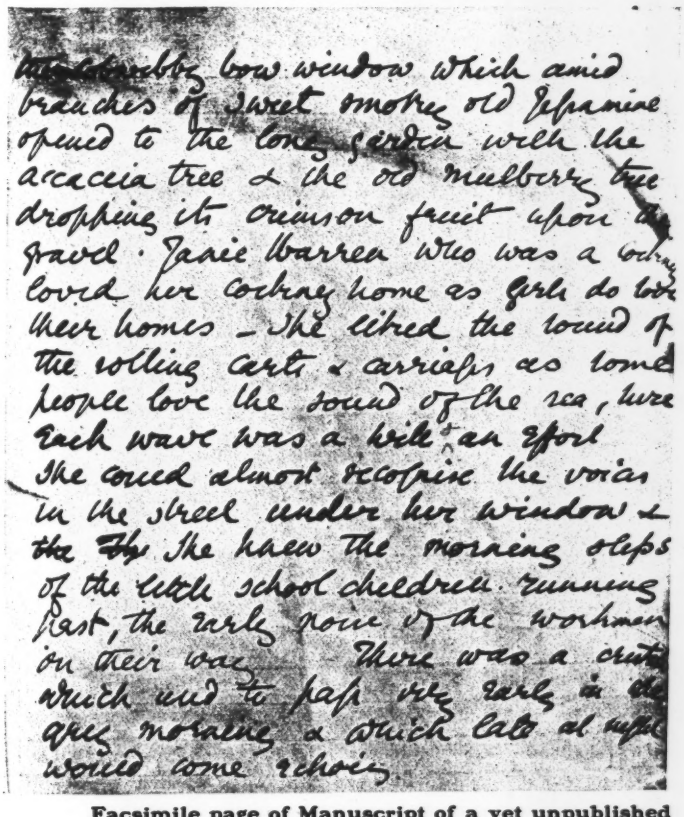
From "The Village on the Cliff," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

them, and, returning, told them how the story of "The Newcomes" had been revealed to him; of the visit in their company to Weimar—the Pumpernickel of "Vanity Fair," where the great man had studied as a youth, had learnt German, had been received by "grand old Goethe," and had fallen in love with the beautiful Amalia von X.—which last incident has duly been recorded by the Titmarshian autobiographer, George Savage Fitz-Boodle—happy months before the shadows of the sadness of life had fallen on the novelist. On that later visit Thackeray was pleased to find that some of the sketches he had made for children so many years earlier had been preserved and treasured, and delighted to meet in the street his old tutor, Dr. Weissenborne and to find himself remembered by Madame von Goethe. He pointed out to his girls the house where Amalia had lived, and at Venice, a year or so later, actually saw the lady again:

"We were breakfasting (Lady Ritchie has written) at a long table where a fat lady also sat a little way off, with a pale fat little boy beside her. She was stout, she was dressed in light green, she was silent, she was eating an egg. The *sala* of the great marble hall was shaded from the blaze of sunshine, but stray gleams shot across the dim hall, falling on the palms and the orange trees beyond the lady, who gravely shifted her place as the sunlight dazzled her. Our own meal was also spread, and my sister and I were only waiting for my father to begin. He came in presently saying he had been looking at the guest-book in the outer hall, and he had seen a name which interested him very much. 'Frau von Z., geboren von X. It must be Amalia! She must be *here*—in the hotel,' he said; and as he spoke he asked a waiter whether Madame von Z. was still in the hotel. 'I believe that is Madame von Z.,' said the waiter, pointing to the fat lady. The lady looked up, and then went on with her egg, and my poor father turned away, saying in a low, overwhelmed voice, '*That* Amalia! That cannot be Amalia.' I could not understand his silence, his discomposure. 'Aren't you going to speak to her? Oh, please do go and speak to her!' we both cried. 'Do make sure if it is Amalia.' But he shook his head. 'I can't,' he said; 'I had rather not.' Amalia meanwhile having finished her egg, rose deliberately, put down her napkin and walked away, followed by her little boy. . . ."

By courtesy of the American *Bookman*.

Lady Thackeray Ritchie in 1894.



Facsimile page of Manuscript of a yet unpublished story by Lady Thackeray Ritchie.

We have graphic pictures of Thackeray driving with his mother and daughters to deliver his first lecture on "The English Humourists of the Eighteenth Century," very nervous and making little jokes to reassure the dear ones accompanying him; of how he began in a voice that sounded strange to those who knew him, and how he soon got into his stride and spoke in the familiar tones; of how presently a "proud and happy look of light and relief" came into his mother's eyes; of how the people crowded round to congratulate him; and of the return home when, the lecture delivered and the success assured, the nervousness had given place to happiness—"Jackson made the horses gallop, and my father laughed and made real jokes, without any effort, and we laughed and enjoyed every jolt and turning, on the way home." We read of Thackeray's trips to America to read "The English Humourists" and "The Four Georges," and the sad hearts he left

Lady Ritchie and her Grandchildren, (the children of Mrs. Denis Ritchie.

(Specially taken for *The Bookman*.)

behind him. Perhaps the best passage in all Lady Ritchie's book is that in which she describes her father's return from his first visit to the United States.

"I can still remember sitting with my grandparents expecting his return. My sister and I sat on the red sofa in the little study, and shortly before the time we had calculated that he might arrive came a little ring at the front-door, only we were so afraid that it might not be he that we did not dare to open it, and there we stood until a second and much louder ringing brought us to our senses. 'Why didn't you open the door?' said my father stepping in, looking well, broad, and upright, laughing. In a moment he had never been away at all."

Fashions in fiction change as in lace and lingerie. What is food for one generation is poison to another. An author admired in one decade, is unread in the next, and forgotten in the third—unless he is a supreme master of his craft when he will certainly be remembered and almost as certainly not read beyond the circle of the cultured. In an age when Lever is entirely neglected, Lytton pronounced fustian, Disraeli unopened, Trollope voted dull, and Thackeray himself more discussed than perused, it may be that Lady Ritchie's audience, though fit, is small in numbers. Yet as there are still some who turn with pleasure to the Victorian writers, finding in them a certain breadth not discernible in the work of most novelists of to-day, so many, no doubt, still take down from the shelf "Old Kensington" and its companion volumes,* and re-read the stories with appreciation. The Miss Thackeray of the novels, as she was known in the 'Seventies, has many merits. She writes simply indeed, but well; and her style is worthy of high praise. Sometimes, indeed, we come across a passage that suggests the influence of her father's writings:

"As I write out what my father's hand has written, my gossip is hushed, and seems to me like the lamp-smoke in the old drawing-room compared to the light of the summer's night in the street outside."

There we hear the cadences of the author of "Denis Duval," whose voice may also be distinguished in an occasional aside:

* "Miss Thackeray's Works." Uniform Edition. 10 Vols. 6s. each. (Smith, Elder & Co.). (1) Old Kensington. (2) The Village on the Cliff. (3) Five Old Friends and a Young Prince. (4) To Esther, and other sketches. (5) Bluebeard's Keys, and other stories. (6) The Story of Elizabeth; Two Hours; From an Island. (7) Toilers and Spinsters, and other Essays. (8) Miss Angel; Fulham Lawn. (9) Miss Williamson's Divagations. (10) Mrs. Dymond.

Drawing room of No. 109 St. George's Square, S.W., showing Lady Ritchie's writing table before Laurence's portrait of her father.

(Specially taken for *The Bookman*.)

Drawn by Arthur Hughes.

"Come in, come in, Monsieur le Colonel!" says Madame hospitably. "Come and see my son's work."

From "Mrs Dymond," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

"'If George Vanborough were only more like his own brothers, there would be something to be done with him,' thought honest John, as those young gentlemen's bullet-heads passed the window where the pupil and his preceptor were at work. If only—there would be a strange monotony, I fancy, if all the 'if onlys' could be realised, and we had the moulding of one another, and pastors and masters could turn assenting pupils out by the gross like the little chalk rabbits Italian boys carry about for sale."

Yet one more example of Lady Ritchie's style must be allowed—the description from "Old Kensington" of the parish church:

"Last year only, the old church was standing, in its iron cage at the junction of the thoroughfares. . . . There was the old painting of the lion and the unicorn hanging over the gallery; the light streaming through the brown saints over the communion-table. In after-life the children may have seen other saints more glorious in crimson and purple, nobler piles and arches, but none of them have ever seemed so near to heaven as the old Queen Anne building; and the wooden pew with its high stools, through which elbows of straw were protruding, where they used to kneel on either side of their aunt, watching with awe-stricken faces the tears as they came falling from the widow's sad eyes.

"Lady Sarah could scarcely have told you the meaning of the tears as they fell—old love and life partings, sorrows and past mercies, all came returning to her with the familiar words of the prayers. The tears fell bright and awe-stricken as she thought of the present—of distances immeasurable—of life and its inconceivable mystery; and then her heart would warm with hope perhaps of what might be to come, of the overwhelming possibilities—how many of them to her lay in the warm clasp of the child's hand that came pushing into hers! For her, as for the children, heaven's state was in the old wooden pew. Then the sing-song of the hymn would flood the old church with its homely cadence.

'Prepare your glad voices;
Let Hisrael rejoice,'

sang the little charity children; poor little Israelites, with blue stockings, and funny woollen knots to their fustian caps rejoicing, though their pastures were not green as yet, nor was their land overflowing with milk and honey. However, they sang praises for others, as all people do at times, thanks be to the merciful dispensation that allows us to weep, to work, to be comforted, and to rejoice with one another's hearts, consciously or unconsciously, as long as life exists."

Drawn by Arthur Hughes.

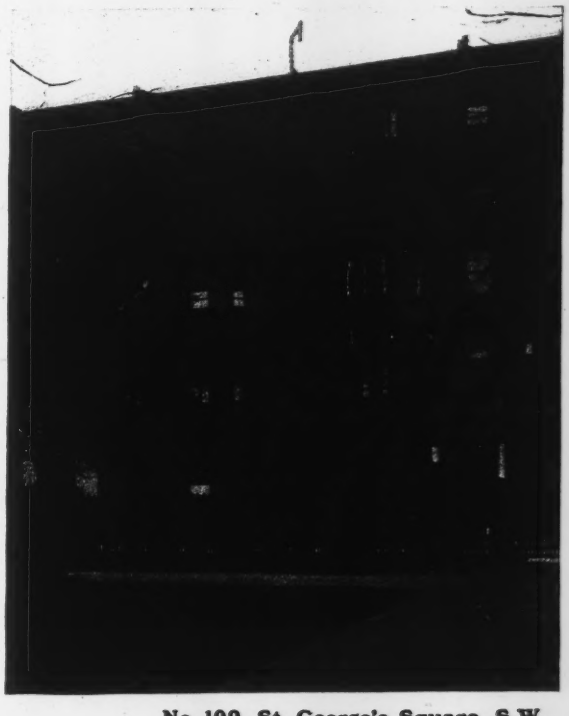
"Blanche springing free once more, shook all her beautiful sunshine of hair in a glistening mist over her shoulders."

From "Bluebeard's Keys," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Lady Ritchie, however, is no mere imitator of that gifted novelist, in spite of these accidental resemblances. With William Allingham, she has said to herself:

"Like myself, however small,
Like myself, or not at all,"

and she has retained through all her works the individuality that happily is hers. If she is not strikingly virile, at least her power of character-drawing is undeniable. She has the rare power of being able to create atmosphere; she has, in a marked degree, the great indefinable gift of a sweet, gentle, loving charm.



No. 109, St. George's Square, S.W., Lady Ritchie's residence.

(Specially taken for *The Bookman*.)

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

MARCH, 1912.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best original fable, in about a hundred and fifty words, after the manner of Æsop, dealing with any current topic of general interest.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review in not more than one hundred words of any recently published novel. Competitors should give the names of authors and publishers at head of their reviews.

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

Drawn by H. Allingham.

"He put his arm round her as he spoke and she let her hand fall into his."

From "Miss Angel," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

I.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is awarded to J. RICHARD ELLAWAY, of Lynmoor, Basingstoke, for the following:

A LIKELY STORY. BY WILLIAM DE MORGAN. (Heinemann.)

"It was the Cat!"
W. S. GILBERT, *H.M.S. Pinafore.*

We also select for printing:

MAIDS' MONEY. BY MRS. H. DUDENEY. (Heinemann.)

"'My face is my fortune, sir,' she said."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Charles Powell, "Dovedale," Victoria Park, Manchester.)

THE IMPOSSIBLE IDEAL. BY WILL WESTRUP. (Alston Rivers.)

"I only ask that Fortune send
A little more than I can spend."
O. WENDELL HOLMES.

(Miss E. D. Morton, "Hillside," Walmer.)

A MELODY IN SILVER. BY KEENE ABBOTT. (Putnam.)

"Sing a song o' sixpence."
Nursery Rhyme.

(Miss M. R. Davies, 8, Duddingston Avenue, Sefton Park, Liverpool.)

THE DEBTOR. MISS MARY ANGELA DICKENS.
"My apprehensions come in crowds."
WORDSWORTH, *Affliction of Margaret.*

(Daisy H. Badland, 385, Middlewood Road, Hillsboro', Sheffield.)

THE CHILDREN'S BREAD. BY MAUDE LITTLE. (Chatto & Windus.)
"Man wants but little here below."

("Mary Macfadyen," c/o Sinclair, 396, Shields Road Pollokshields, Glasgow; and A. S. Hearn, "Dubrae," Boveney Road, Honor Oak Park, S.E.).

MYTHS AND LEGENDS OF THE CELTIC RACE. T. W. ROLLESTON. (Harrap.)
"Taffy was a Welshman,
Taffy was a thief!"
Old Song.

(Miss Hilda Hurlbert, 4, George Street, Hanover Square, London, W.).

THE OLD WIVES TALE. BY ARNOLD BENNETT. (Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton.)
"But I go on for ever."
TENNYSON, *The Brook.*

(Dora A. Bannister, 1, Irene Place, Blackburn.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS for the best Alphabet concerning itself with the personality and work of any well-known living author is awarded to Miss A. ELEANOR PINNINGTON, of 25, Wellington Road, Brighton, for the following:

A is an Author, and Kipling his name,
B is the Books that have brought him to fame;
C for the Critics who said many things,
D for the Ditties he skillfully sings.
E for the East with its smiles and its frowns;
F for the Fairies who people the Downs.
G, Gloriana who danced through her shoes,
H for the History which all schools should use.
I for India he has made known to the West,
J for the Jungle—the beasts know it best.
K for King-Emperor whom India has hailed,
L for the Light that so dismally failed.
M for the white Man whose burden is grave,
N for the Native who is not a slave.
O for the Oiler—the liner's going still,
P is for Puck who inhabits Pook's Hill.
Q is for Quetta and what Jack Barrett met;
R the Recessional—"Lest we forget——"
S is for Stalky and also for Slang,
T for the Tommies who laughed and who sang.
U is for Ung and the story he told,
V for Victoria, Empress of Gold.
W the Work that will meet us each day,
X for the hat-passers, ready to pay.
Y the Yabu and equestrian pride,
Z the Zenanas and all that they hide.

This competition was very popular, and we specially commend the ALPHABETS of Isabel Davies (Pembroke Dock), Dorothy Gull (Appledore), J. Richard Ellaway (Basingstoke), Muriel D. Brooke (Sudbury, Suffolk), Miss M. Hurlbert (Chester), Miss E. M. P. Daniell (Wandsworth), Olivia Connolly (Brockley), Geoffrey C. Foster (Upper Norwood), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Margaret McDonnell (Glasgow), Albert Fuller (Cardiff), S. Poultney (Ulverston), Miss Dease (Coole, Westmeath), Richard Goodfellow (Dublin), Nina Coppinger (Wimbledon), Florence Snelling (Sidcup), Miss E. T. Heimber (Worthing), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone, Dartford), Miss Vane-Thomas (Rotherfield), Mary G. Patterson (Upper Norwood), Hilda M. Dowden (Rathgar, Dublin), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Miss Watson (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Mrs. Ernest Jackson (Erdington, Birmingham), Gertrude Leslie (Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne), Herbert H. Stansfield (Witnesham, Suffolk), Charles Adams (Devizes), Elsie Barnes (Sheffield), Ernest F. Seymour (Kilburn), Edith M. Walls (Batley), Mary Constance Fowler (Epsom), Emily Kingston (Mentone), Constance Goodwin (Clapham), Frank Day (South Hackney), Hilda McKeague (Ballymoney, Co. Antrim), Bernard Poultney (Ulverston), Ruth Goodwin (Clapham), Winifred Goodwin (Clapham), M. A. Newman (Badingham, Suffolk), L. Welby (Shanklin, I.W.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), Robert Sinclair (Glasgow), Samuel Henry Bastard (Glasgow), Rev. T. Hern (Rowlands Castle), Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), A. J. Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), M. A. Mavor (Glasgow), Frank Rhodes (Scarborough), Florence E. Briggs (Crown Hill, Devon), Charles Webb (King's Lynn), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), Marion M. Orr (Rutherglen, N.B.), Flora Bacot (Worthing), Miss E. C. Rhodes (Harrogate), W. M. Appleby (Southend-on-Sea), Dora A. Bannister (Blackburn), Miss B. R. M. Hetherington (Carlisle).

Drawn by G. D. Leslie.

Under the Rustic Porch.

From "Old Kensington," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

III.—THE PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to Mr. J. B. FFOULKES, of Daisy Hill, Mill Brow, Mellor, Derbyshire, for the following:

THE DRUNKARD. BY GUY THORNE. (Greening & Co.)

The main interest of this grim story centres round the personality of the poet, Gilbert Lothian, and the struggle within him, between his better self and his hereditary craving for drink. Each successive step in his downward course is remorselessly related; his very soul seems to be laid bare before us, until he, slowly but surely, sinks into the abyss of despair, which inevitably leads on to the final tragedy. The book is hardly elevating, yet is strangely fascinating, giving us a powerful portrayal of one of the worst, and most pitiful, sides of human life.

Other good reviews received are:

ZULEIKA DOBSON. BY MAX BEERBOHM.

(William Heinemann.)

Zuleika is unique! We do not wonder that she enslaved, not only all the undergraduates, but even that superb person, the Duke of Dorset. It is in him, doomed to an early death by the appearance of the fatal and prophetic owls, that all our sympathy centres. In this story we meet many old friends. Do we not all know the person who says "I don't know about music really, but I know what I like," and who "is never tired of saying it." It is a splendid and classic skit, full of breathless melodrama and remorseless satire.

(Miss E. Moore, Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford.)

Drawn by Fred Walker. **"Horatia's First Visit."**

From "To Esther" by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

CARNIVAL. BY COMPTON MACKENZIE.

(Martin Secker, 6s.)

Jennie is the daintiest "rogue in porcelain," and two-thirds of her story are so good and so true, that, when her creator marries her preposterously and slaughters her atrociously, we are compelled to believe him, however resentfully, yet he is forgiven through the reality of his characters, his humour, his Fragonard paintings—Jennie dancing under the plane-tree, Jennie in the studio, Jennie with her baby in the orchard, and a dozen besides; and the most faithful description of stage-life in fiction. Admirable restraint of the author, who makes his heroine a beautiful dancer, yet keeps her in the *corps-de-ballet!*

(Gertrude Pitt, 31, Rosslyn Hill, Hampstead, N.W.)

THE WOMEN OF SHAKESPEARE. BY FRANK HARRIS.

(Methuen.)

Many people would have turned this subject into a dead-weight. but Mr. Harris has decked it forth with infinite fascination, Doggedly determined, he rides into the field with the same clarion-call: that we owe Shakespeare's greatest to Mary Fitton. He may or may not be correct, for his contentions can have no fixed foundation-stone; it is all too remote. But, indirectly, Mr. Harris makes two facts surer: first, that brilliant arguments can render most things colourable; second, that he is endowed with a very fine discernment for style—which may at all events prove much to its possessor!

(Miss Beatrix Terry, 374, Brixton Road, London, S.W.).

A WILDERNESS OF MONKEYS. BY FREDERICK NIVEN.

(Martin Secker.)

Bliss Henry is an author and a man of a delicate temperament—in fact, almost sexless in his idealism. He goes into the country to write a novel, and Mr. Niven's book is concerned with the impressions which the people of Solway make upon his sensitive nature, and the counter-effect of his idealism upon them. Personally, we think the irreclaimable coarseness of these country people a little overdrawn; nevertheless, the book is a faithful study of the temperamental shocks which an artist always experiences when brought in contact with vulgarity. We rank this with Mr. Niven's best work.

(Percy Huddy, "Thorncroft," Monk Road, Bishopston, Bristol.)

THE COURTIER STOOPS. J. H. YOXALL.

(Smith, Elder & Co.)

This story of Goethe and Christiane is told with distinction and charm, and has all the fascination of biography in the form of romance, the courtier of the title being Johann von Wolfgang easily recognisable as Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. The personality of the great poet stands out very vividly and all the minor characters are well drawn. Forming a gloomy background we have the threatenings of the French Revolution, and all through the book sounds the horn of the mysterious stranger, who rides through Europe vainly trying to rouse the princes to a realisation of the approaching terror.

(G. M. Elwood, Abbey Park Road, Grimsby.)

STORIES IN GREY. BY BARRY PAIN.

(T. Werner Laurie.)

When an author who stands high in popular favour as humourist bids farewell to mirth and writes in different vein, he runs no little risk of tumbling, in familiar phrase, between two stools; admirers of comedy and tragedy alike neglecting him.

Mr. Barry Pain's "Stories in Grey" merit warm applause from all who enjoy a good short story thoroughly well told. Crisp and firm in style, vivid and picturesque in delineation of character, each of these stories grips the reader's attention from start to finish.

His latest book proves convincingly that Mr. Barry Pain is more than a humourist.

(R. B. Ince, 69, Belsize Park, London, N.W.).

We specially commend also the reviews sent in by Margery Wilkins (Uttoxeter), E. Percy Adam (Nottingham), Miss Van der Pant (Ashford, Kent), Elsie Boyd (Hatch End, Pinner), Edna Smallwood (Highbury, N.), H. Elrington (Monkstown, Co. Dublin), Rose B. Frone (Southsea), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Emily Hunt (Llanfairfechan), M. A. Newman (Badingham, Suffolk), Thomas A. Walters (Ilkley), Irene Harrison (Bristol), Marie R. Brown (Glasgow), Richard Goodfellow (Dublin), H. M. Creswell Paine (St. Austell), William F. Robinson (Impington, Cambridge), Miss J. A. Jenkins (Liverpool), Miss M. V. Woodgate (London, S.W.), Peter Macfadyen (Pollokshields, Glasgow), Mrs. Florence L. Payne (St. Austell), M. E. Heurtley (Oxford), Miss L. Mugford (Sutton-at-Hone, Dartford), Arnold S. Walton (Newcastle-on-Tyne), Dorothy R. Gull (Appledore), Florence Snelling (Sidcup), Josephine Gregory (Bradford), Mrs. Messenger (Coventry), H. K. Ormerod (Airdrie, N.B.), A. R. Williams (Worcester), L. Welby (Shanklin, I.W.), Mary Cleland (Paris), Mrs. John Gibbs (Shutford, Banbury), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), Mrs. Mabel Knight (Bromley, Kent), Florence Karn (Gloucester), A. Miller (Leeds), Isabelle Swinscow (Tunbridge Wells), Hylda McKeague (Ballymoney, Co. Antrim), Kate E. Samuels (London, W.C.), Mrs. Butler (Westbury, Glos.), Edith Dolton (Newbury), S. A. Doody (Boscombe), Irene Pollok Lalonde (Bath), Miss B. O. Anderson (Scarborough), and Miss M. G. Stewart (Oxford).

Drawn by Arthur Hughes.
"One, two, three, four, five little cook boys, in white jackets, and caps, and aprons, appear in a line with trays upon their heads."
From "Toilers and Spinsters," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

IV.—THE PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE BOOKMAN" is awarded to Mr. S. J. MORRISON, of 72, Holker Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

THE CATHOLIC REVIVAL.*

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

AS I transcribe these titles of new books concerning very old English Catholic names, I am reminded of Anthony Froude's chapter on "England's Forgotten Worthies," and considering what the public now feasts upon by preference, I feel tempted to quote Persius, "Quis leget hæc?—Vel duo vel nemo." Who will turn aside from our problem novels and Divorce Court chronicles, our more or less doubtful revelations by foreign princesses of high life abroad, our sporting and sentimental stories which sell by the hundred thousand, to obscure episodes in the story of a remnant like the Catholics in this country when the nineteenth century was beginning? "Two or three, perhaps none at all," answers the Roman poet. "Milner, Lingard—who were they?" says the general reader, looking up from his Nat Gould or William Le Quex. To which I reply: "O general reader, listen. I will tell you a little about them, and you shall judge for yourself whether in the neighbourhood of such men there might not be lurking the romance of strong character and curious adventures. You know that there was once a French Revolution. Well, these Catholics were wrapt in its smoke and flame; the passionate fury of it drove them forward on undreamt-of paths; and they broke a way, reluctantly, almost unwittingly, for the votaries of the old, old Church into our democratic era—Milner on the line of political freedom, Lingard on the line of historical research. Is not that interesting?"

To me certainly it is. It would be, were I nothing else than a student of the great world-forces which are engaged in shaping the future of mankind, and not otherwise troubled about religious disputes. Here is, in Thackeray's words, "the stately structure of eighteen centuries, the mighty and beautiful Roman Catholic faith, in whose bosom repose so many saints and sages"; but, apparently, it is falling with an irretrievable crash, all its props taken away, the order of things where it held its place swept into Limbo, while atheism stalks abroad conquering every foe. At such a time, say the year 1799, when Pope Pius VI. was dying of forced journeys at Valence, it seemed impossible that the Roman Church could ever again fascinate and subdue the nations, or any large part of them. In England, especially, where a few thousands only survived who still clung to the ancient faith, what hope was there? Dispirited, divided, their houses of refuge on the Continent no longer open, themselves without a philosophy which might explain this "twilight of the Gods," English Catholics were the feeblest folk in Europe. They had neither resources nor leaders. Their seventeen peers and five hundred families of a certain rank did but represent a squadron in the Tory host, its lagging rearguard; they were, as the French picturesquely describe it, "the vanquished of yesterday." On statesmen like Pitt or even Burke they must have made a shadowy impression as of some once great power now in its dotage. I cannot call to mind a single writer, much less a man of action, who at this time in the British Islands foresaw that religion would revive and its most dogmatic form acquire new strength, by direct consequence of the revolutionary attack upon it. One præternatural genius, Napoleon, was indeed reckoning on the Papacy to "crown the edifice" which he meant to rebuild from the foundation. Joseph de Maistre was

* (1) "The Eve of Catholic Emancipation (1803–1829)." Vols. I. and II. By Mgr. Bernard Ward, President of St. Edmund's College, Ware. 21s. net. (Longmans.)—(2) "Life and Letters of John Lingard." By Martin Haile and Edwin Bonney. 12s. net. (Herbert and Daniel.)

XUM

already seeing in vision the Pope of 1870. And Chateaubriand was making his own the enchantments of Rousseau's magic style, by which he might persuade youth and women that Christianity held the secret of romance. But on this side of Dover cliffs neither statesmanship, nor vision, nor romance, could be discerned among Catholics.

Yet the beginnings of a new world lay hidden somewhere amid these ashes. Thousands of the Gallican clergy, exiled and suffering for religion's sake, touched the heart of England. The enfranchised Irish Catholics clamoured for the Emancipation which had been pledged, but not given, to them. The Penal Laws, holding all who would not, at least "occasionally," conform to Anglican usages apart from the State, had long been teaching Christians how they might live independent of it. In a more distant background might be seen a fresh kind of scholar and writer, Gibbon the chief, whose liberal curiosity was inspecting original sources and dictating history from them, not moved, at all events, by old prejudices. The problem for what is now termed the Zeitgeist was really this, and I would call the reader's attention to it—whether Catholicism should or should not play a leading part in the English-speaking countries of the future, that is to say, in four Continents? The Zeitgeist determined that it should; Emancipation was to be granted, establishment by the State made once for all impossible, an element of romantic piety infused into the High and Dry formalism dear to the eighteenth century, the Middle Ages brought to light with all their glories of architecture, liturgy, crusades, legends, poems, folk-lore, with saints and heroes, popes and monks and philosophers, now covered beneath mountains of lying and sophistry. Instruments must be created by this new morning's breath, such as O'Connell and Bishop Doyle in Ireland, Milner, Lingard, Digby, Pugin, Newman and the Tractarians, Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, even Carlyle and the rebels against Adam Smith's political economy, in England. "All these and more came flocking" to the reaction which none had foreseen—no, not Burke himself. How it has prospered we may judge on looking round at the British Empire and the United States. Under these two flags there are thirty-four millions of Catholics, with sacred hierarchies corresponding, monasticism triumphant, and the churches better filled than those of any other denomination, so far as we can tell by figures. And the Church of England is Catholicized; art has recovered its privileges.

In this most unexpected transformation-scene, the first English actors will not compare with De Maistre, Chateaubriand, or Lamennais (supreme artists, each and all); but they did their duty. Milner, whom De Quincey calls the "Papist of Winchester," and Newman styles the "chief luminary" of the period to Catholics, was a resolute fighter cast in the mould of Dr. Johnson. He wrote much and well; quarrelled on all sides, behaved with a truculence which got him the nickname of "The Mastiff," was utterly wanting in self-control, but did these three things which cannot be undone. He summed up the old standing quarrel between Rome and the Reformers in his "End of Controversy," a book well-named, for it is the last of its type on the Catholic side which covers the whole ground. He inaugurated by his "History of Winchester," and his chapel in that delightful city, the return to the Gothic or Pointed style, thus dominating the hundred years which followed of ecclesiastical building and restoration. I am not overlooking Goethe's enthusiasm for the Cathedral at Strassburg, or Scott's devotion to Melrose Abbey, or even Horace Walpole's dilettantism at Strawberry Hill. But I say that the truculent John Milner began the Gothic revival in this country, as a religious and practical enterprise. His last, which is also his greatest work, was blindly yet successfully to withstand the appointment of Catholic bishops by the Crown. For so doing he

Drawn by Fred Walker.

On the top of the hill.

From "The Story of Elizabeth," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

Drawn by Frank Dicksee. **"Tell me, Pauline, is your mother right?"**

From "Miss Williamson's Divagations," by Lady Thackeray Ritchie. (Smith. Elder.)

was rightly hailed as the "English Athanasius." When, by Milner's violent policy, the attempt at "establishing" the Catholic Church in these Islands came to naught, freedom with its far-reaching consequences won the day. It was the overthrow of a scheme which would have divided the clergy from their flocks and made religion a spoil for politicians.

Lingard is ever so much more attractive than Milner, and it will be a pity if he does not become familiar to the multitude, who would be charmed with him if they knew this smiling, gracious figure. He was emphatically a scholar and a gentleman. Of Lincolnshire descent and humble birth, he had been sent as a lad to the English College at Douai, famed for its long and heroic services to the persecuted brethren in whose interest it was founded. Lingard saw the stormy scenes of the Revolution, and one day was pursued by a yelling mob, intent on taking his life. Among the pioneers who led to the setting up of the great institution near Durham, known as Ushaw College, he maintains a distinguished remembrance by his teaching and scholarship. Handsome, refined, witty and affectionate, he would have been a great man at Oxford or Cambridge. But his lot was cast in obscure positions, amid the quarrels loud and sharp which have always broken out between small companies living in a Ghetto. With serene good temper, a fine sense of the ridiculous, and his constant studies, Lingard came out unscathed even from the assaults of Milner, who could keep the peace with nobody. Lingard's volumes on the Anglo-Saxon Church, begun to please himself, and controlled by first-hand evidence, denote the coming change in historical methods applied to the "Dark Ages." They can still be read. His polemical Tracts are no less effective than amusing. He lived in a pleasant country house at Hornby in Lancashire, the delight of his friends, idolized by his neighbour the Anglican rector, writing prose and verse—Latin verse—and putting together his admirable, not to say epoch-making, "History of England." Deliberately, the author toned down the colour and warmth of his expression, as though he believed that the story of human events might be treated with the cold precision of science. Lingard is, on the whole, almost as accurate as Gibbon; the English, like the Roman "History," stands fire to this day. It demolished Hume's silken tapestry, in which the facts are woven to suit the weaver's idea of a picture. But, as in the not dissimilar example of Dr. Thirlwall's "Greece," a style so transparent and unimpassioned has hindered the popular success of a work which remains in its own department a standard. However, the old anti-Catholic legends, in presence of a witness who simply told the truth, could not any more claim assent. Had Lingard chosen with Macaulay, whose inaccuracies he lived to denounce, or with Froude, who was inaccuracy personified, to adopt the manner of an historical romance, he would be known to millions. Pope Leo XII., it is said with some show of reason, created him Cardinal *in petto*. He was offered various positions of trust, and might have been a bishop. But he was another kind of man, disliking to exercise rule. He lived to be eighty; and the gallery of British worthies that omits Lingard will be wanting in a charming portrait.

What shall I remark touching the authors of my three volumes? The "Life of Lingard" is copious and easy, without much effort to compass literary strokes. Monsignor Ward writes always with the utmost clearness; gives abundance of detail; is fair all round; no one who has not dealt with such thorny subjects can imagine to what a perfection of impartial judgment he attains. History at large requires to be composed from materials in this way brought together. And the Catholic Revival is a page that ought not to be passed over unread.

New Books.

LOGIC OLD AND NEW.*

There could hardly be a stronger contrast than that between the authors of two books on logic that have just appeared. Professor Adamson was steeped in the lore of logic and scholastic learning. At the time of his death, in fact, he was busy with a "History of Scholasticism." Dr. Mercier comes to his subject with no special training. In one of his footnotes he calls himself "a mere amateur," and on his penultimate page tells us "I pretend to no scholarship in Greek, to no scholastic learning." The qualifications that he claims "are ordinary common-sense, and a plentiful lack of reverence for authority in general, and for Greek philosophy in particular." Yet both books are excellent, each in its own way.

Professor Sorley has had the happy idea of republishing in book form the article on "Logic," contributed by Adamson to the ninth edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It does not appear in the eleventh edition, and would thus have been lost as a living force in the teaching of logic in this country. Since it consists of a critical survey of the history of logical theory, and since there is no other book that deals with the subject from this point of view, the volume will be welcomed by all those who are concerned with the teaching of the subject. The title selected by Professor Sorley, "A Short History of Logic," accurately enough describes the book, though it contains also four important review articles: "Category," "Lotze's Logic," "Lotze's Metaphysic," "Bradley's Logic." These occupy 92 out of the whole 262 pages, but cannot be regarded as outside the scope of the work. They are really essential to a proper understanding of the later developments of logic, and show their learned author at his best.

Passing from the sympathetic treatment of the old logic and its modern developments as found in Adamson, we experience all the shock of a cold douche in the pages of Dr. Mercier. His condemnation leaves nothing to the imagination. "From traditional logic I differ in every principle and in every detail." Modern logic he confesses he does not understand. "I was prepared to welcome modern logic with open arms; but I soon found reason to despise it; for its exponents are either incapable of expressing themselves intelligibly, or they deliberately seek to impart to their writings a spurious air of profundity by the constant use of expressions that are unintelligible." In dealing with the laws of thought he quotes a passage from Bosanquet that it must be confessed has formed a stumbling block to many a student. But though unintelligible to a student it is not beyond the range of a sympathetic reader endowed with Dr. Mercier's powers. But the trouble is that he is not sympathetic. His temperament and training appear to be quite opposed to all the metaphysical subtleties that are so attractive to minds like Adamson's. It is not that Dr. Mercier is afraid of analysis, even minute analysis. The scheme that he suggests as a substitute for the traditional logic is at least as complicated as that which it seeks to supplant. In fact he suggests that even in the matter of "flat-traps to catch the unwary," the new logic may be able to do as well as the old. In his attack Dr. Mercier says all the things that intelligent University students have been in the habit of saying in private about the traditional logic, only he says them better, and what is more he follows up his destructive criticism with constructive work. He maintains that where traditional logic goes wrong is in confounding the *argumentum ex postulato* with the *argumentum in materia*, and in failing to refer to the purpose of the argument. His scheme is to pass from the logic based on mere consistency to a logic based upon experience. He seeks to pass from the narrow round of deducing formal consequences from given premises, to the wider field of hunting for premises in order to reach empirical truth. So far from rejecting modal propositions as formal logic does, he regards them as the only kind worth considering. For mere inclusion or exclusion he substitutes relation, and thus replaces the copula by a *ratio*. His proposition is thus made up of the subject term, the object term and the ratio. A problem arises wherever any one of these three is lacking in a proposition. He has no place for the syllogism in his system, which is hardly surprising when he is able to adduce an example of sound reasoning that breaks every rule of the syllogism except one. Dr. Mercier's process of reaching truth he calls mediate induction. It consists in finding by an examination of our experience a general statement under which a given incomplete proposition may be legitimately placed, so that term for term the two may correspond. If the two agree in all the points *material to the argument* we are entitled to conclude that the missing term in the given incomplete proposition may be supplied from the homologous term in the general statement. In the process of mediate induction there are three elements: the general proposition under which the incomplete proposition is to be assimilated, this is the *premiss;* the incomplete proposition, this is the *datum;* the consequent inference, this is the *conclusion*. Dr. Mercier is very sensitive to any hint that this triple arrangement suggests the syllogism, and it must be admitted that he makes good the distinction on which he lays so much stress.

Justice cannot be done to such an important book in the space here available. The Canons of Inference, for example, would repay very careful analysis, especially in view of the author's claim that they cover all possible cases of fallacy. This and the other constructive sections of the book probably form the best of Dr. Mercier's contribution, though the general reader will probably find the destructive sections more entertaining, especially if he has ever been under examination in logic. A serious defect in the book is the lack of an index. This makes itself all the more felt since the author has a tendency to repetition that makes it difficult to refer back to a passage one has read. No complaint is made of the recurrent use of the same illustration in different connections; this is often really a merit. But some of the destructive parts recur more frequently than the needs of exposition justify. There is some confusion in the numbering of the Canons of Inference on page 263.

The book is thoroughly readable, eminently clear, and vigorously stimulating. The illustrations are specially worthy of praise, as they have the crowning merit of illustrations—they illustrate. The book leaves a curious impression on the mind, made up mainly of wonder whether we really have reached a turning point in the history of logic. We who have spent our lives under the thrall of the orthodox system are probably not the most impartial judges. It is to those who follow that Dr. Mercier's brilliant polemic will make its most hopeful appeal.

JOHN ADAMS.

* "A Short History of Logic." By Robert Adamson. 5s. net. (William Blackwood & Sons.)—"A New Logic." By Charles Mercier. 10s. net. (William Heinemann.)

JOHN OPIE.*

Spite of the fulness—the over-fulness perhaps—of the author's research, the text of this volume does not stir our imaginations respecting John Opie or even help us to accept him as a particularly remarkable personage. Happily, however, the book has fifty-one illustrations from photographs of Opie's works, and these are impressive enough.

John Opie was the son of a Cornish carpenter, and born in May, 1761. His early years were spent in his native village of Mithian, near Truro, where—so great was his

* "John Opie and His Circle." By Ada Earland. 21s. net. (Hutchinson.)

father's opposition to his passion for drawing—"the boy was good for naught, could never make a wheelbarrow, was always gazing upon cats and staring volks in the vace"—he might have remained for the rest of his days had it not been for the opportune appearance in his life of a certain Dr. John Wolcot of Truro who provided the boy with brushes and paints and gave him lessons in using them. With Wolcot's appearance, the reader first touches the value and interest of the book. It is not remarkable in imaginative or literary quality, but it provides us with fresh detail of that eighteenth-century life removed by so much more than mere time from our own—that life in which, because every aristocrat was surrounded by his bevy of protégés, lesser men such as Wolcot were always on the look out for talent, or even for oddity, by which to bring themselves on to the stage of Society. Later, when Opie was established in London, and fashionable ladies had begun to crowd to his studio, someone suggested to Wolcot that his protégé should pay more attention to his appearance—"No," replied Wolcot, "No, you may depend on it, in this wonder-gaping town, that all curiosity would cease if his hair were dressed and he looked like any other man; I shall keep him in this state for the next two years at least."

National Gallery.

John Opie.

From "John Opie and his Circle," by Ada Earland. (Hutchinson)

Wolcot's methods secured the end he desired. Very soon after Opie's arrival in London his lodgings, in Orange Court, became one of the haunts of the fashionable world. Coaches and sedan chairs crowded the narrow street, bringing the young Cornishman such visitors as the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester, Horace Walpole and his Misses Berry, Dr. Johnson's "little dunce" Miss Moncton, Mrs. Vesey, and Mrs. Montague "just removed to her fine new house at the corner of Portman Square built by Adams and decorated by Cipriani and Angelica Kauffmann." He was received by George III. and Queen Charlotte and commissioned to paint a portrait of Mrs. Delany for the King. This painting hangs now at Hampton Court, but Opie's more beautiful treatment of the same sitter, in the emblematic frame for it designed by Horace Walpole, was bequeathed to our National Portrait Gallery in 1896 and is among the most beautiful of all his works.

It was a London with small likeness to our own through which the fashionable throng made its way to Orange Court. The streets were deep in mud, the kerbless footways were only wide enough for one (if the present-day Londoner wishes to experience the discomfort of this—even robbed of all its eighteenth century dangers—he has only to try the pavement in Chancery Lane, alongside Lincoln's Inn), foot-passengers were liable to be splashed with filth from the open drain in the road, from the windows above, and with oil from lamps hung outside houses and shops. "Highwaymen and footpads abounded and had the audacity to appear in town—little wonder that they should when the citizens had to rely for protection on watchmen apparently chosen for their decrepitude and senility. Then Lamb's Conduit fields were really green, and Islington and Hampstead pleasant country villages; once beyond Hyde Park the traveller looked to his pistols, and on Sunday evenings a bell was tolled at Kensington in order that visitors who were returning to the city might assemble and travel in company for mutual protection. In the same year that Opie came to London, Horace Walpole and Lady Browne, going in company to a soirée given by the Duchess of Montrose, near Twickenham Park, were robbed by a single highwayman. Lady Browne's concern after the thief's departure throws a light on the frequency of these robberies; 'I am in terror lest he should return,' she said, 'for I have given him a purse with only bad money that I carry on purpose.'"

Opie was elected Professor of Painting, in succession to Fuseli, at the Royal Academy in 1805, and two years later he delivered those now forgotten *Lectures on Painting* (last reprinted by Bohn in 1848) that were among the most arduous labours of his life. The volume before us gives interesting quotations from these—notably one on the methods and genius of Rembrandt. Opie died just before completing his forty-sixth year. He was buried, possibly more by his wife's determination than by public arrangement, in St. Paul's. In his early days Opie had prophesied to his sister that he should be buried there, and the funeral Mrs. Opie carried out was a rival to Reynolds's. The twenty-seven mourning coaches were followed by thirty carriages of noblemen and gentlemen; Benjamin West, Fuseli and Soane, Northcote and Beechey and Bourgeois, Flaxman and Henry Bone, Nollekens, Hoppner and Loutherbourg and J. M. W. Turner were all in attendance as Academicians.

M. STURGE GRETTON.

"THE ROWLEY POEMS."*

The poetical works of Chatterton have been frequently reprinted, and would be a very desirable addition to the deservedly popular series of poets published at the Clarendon Press, but instead of the complete poems a portion only of the Rowley Poems has now, for some inscrutable reason,

* "The Rowley Poems." By Thomas Chatterton. Edited by Maurice Hare. 5s. net. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

been issued: the incomplete collection made by Tyrwhitt having been selected for reprinting. This appears scarcely fair to Chatterton, and somewhat misleading for the public. Tyrwhitt derived nearly all the pieces he was able to obtain from George Catcott, in whose handwriting they were, and these, it is well known, had been greatly revised and altered from the original MSS. received from Chatterton. Catcott evidently manipulated Chatterton's "Rowleys" with the idea of giving them what he deemed a more antique appearance; he doubled the "ms" and added a final "e" to the words, just as Scott and Percy did with their modern antiques. A fair example of the way Catcott's versions of the poems differed from other versions is shown by "The Execution of Sir Charles Bawdin," miscalled in the Tyrwhitt editions "Bristowe Tragedie," in the very first four-line stanza of which poem, as given by Tyrwhitt, there are ten discrepancies from the first edition published in 1772. Such differences invalidate the text of the whole volume. If the "Rowley" poems are not to be given in a modernised form, they should not be published until every available MS. and all authoritative sources of comparison have been collated, so as to furnish a faithful copy of what their author did write. The only possible reason, nowadays, for reprinting these compositions in their pseudo-antique orthography, is to show how differently Chatterton worked from the writers of the time he imputed them to, and, of course, this reason is nullified when they are issued with Catcott's and other persons' emendations. Naturally, to merely reprint from Tyrwhitt's, or any other obsolete edition, saves a great amount of labour, but it is not the right way to deal with these poems.

The chief features of the Rowley poems, features which not only conclusively prove their modernity, but display their author's genius, are the diversity and technical skill of their metrical forms. Warton, a poet and a capable critic of poetry, thoroughly demonstrated that Chatterton's artistic power, as displayed in his acknowledged poems, was equal to producing the Rowley works. Mr. Hare has little to say on the technique of these poems, beyond a quotation from Mr. Watts-Dunton's splendid essay on the subject, but goes out of his way to assert that in the modern or acknowledged poems by Chatterton "his imagination failed," and that "no one who has any appreciation of Rowley's poems will consider that the 'African Eclogues' are, for a moment, comparable with them." And yet these acknowledged pieces have received unstinted praise from poets, from Warton to Wordsworth, from Rossetti and from other authorities. Professor Skeat but voices the opinion of many predecessors by saying of the acknowledged poems: "We find in them many lines which are quite on a level with the Rowley standard. Malone was quite correct in saying that, had the African poems been written in the Rowleian dialect, and Rowley's 'Eclogues' in modern English, *no critic* could possibly have put a difference between Chatterton and Rowley."

In following his eighteenth-century predecessors by terming Chatterton a "forger," Mr. Hare does not manifest a just appreciation of the young poet. The real forgers were those men who manipulated and disfigured the Rowley poems. Chatterton's offence, if any, was passing his own works off under a pseudonym, as many an author has done. Who would think of accusing Mrs. Browning of forgery for publishing her own works as "Sonnets from the Portuguese"?

The biographical "Introduction" calls for little notice. It has been compiled from writers who have more or less unsuspiciously accepted as facts the fabrications ascribed to a "Mrs. Edkins" by "John Dix" in his book of 1837. It may be said of the poet, as presented to us by Mr. Hare, as Callet said of de Vigny's drama, he "*a écrit un roman et non une biographie. Ce Chatterton n'a rien de commun, excepté le nom, avec le poète de Bristol.*"

JOHN H. INGRAM.

LATER LETTERS OF DR. MARCUS DODS.*

The first volume of Dr. Dods's correspondence covered the early period of his life, when he was still a probationer of the Church. The middle period of twenty-five years, spent in Renfield Church, Glasgow, has yielded no letters which have been judged worth preservation. What this volume contains is a selection from his correspondence from 1895 to 1909, when his health was failing. Perhaps it is owing to this physical weakness and to his sense of loss after his wife's death in 1901, that the lights are low in some of these letters. To one correspondent he writes: "Prayer in the sense of asking for things has not been in my case a proved force. The things I have chiefly prayed for all my life I have not got. Communion with the highest and consideration of Christ are, of course, efficacious to some extent; but I pray now not because my own experience gives me any encouragement, but only because of Christ's example and command." To another he confesses: "Across the whole of my life I see *Failure* written—failure in all the best things, failure especially in the one clear fight I have always recognised I had to gird myself to. My own failure I can explain; I have not striven hard enough or long enough. Resolute earnestness, that must conquer, has been spasmodic." The editor has naturally felt that such frank utterances may be misinterpreted, and this is a feeling which will be shared by some of those who knew Dr Dods' candid simplicity and essential loyalty to the faith. There are, doubtless, other indications in the letters—indications of a more habitual and hopeful temper—but they are scarcely sufficient to alter the impression which such isolated expressions as those we have quoted may leave upon the minds of people who did not know the living context of the writer's character.

However, the letters show other elements of that large, generous character—his human delight in his dog, in football and cricket, in younger men, and in literature. Dr. Dods was a bookman. He could probably have read, or at any rate reviewed, Sir Theodore Martin's "Life of the Prince Consort." Nothing came amiss to him in the way of literature, and his letters show here and there what his judgments were. They were catholic enough. He could enjoy the stories of the Baroness Orczy, and he had the saving enthusiasm for Gibbon which is one article of the bookman's Nicene Creed. It is not so easy to understand his attitude to some other books. "Tolstoi's 'War and Peace,' for example, I have again and again tried to plough through, but have failed. It does not lay hold of me and carry me on." That is a hard saying. Thackeray's "English Humorists" he describes somewhere as "the most educating book I know, a book you can read 500 times in fair weather and foul, sickness and health, by day and by night, on Sundays and Saturdays." But one of the most interesting allusions is the incidental remark, made in a letter written from the house of an American professor: "When I was sitting a little ago in the drawing-room (40 feet by 25) the cook came in to change her volume of Sir Walter's novels."

We are sorry to learn that no biographical sketch of Dr. Dods is to appear. These two volumes of letters are all that we are to get. They will mean more to those who knew him than to outsiders, but even the former will probably feel that the impression they leave requires to be supplemented from their memories and his published writings.

JAMES MOFFATT.

A WOMAN WHO EXPECTED THE IMPOSSIBLE.†

Mrs. Arthur Henniker has probably more interesting and distinguished associations with literature than almost any other woman now writing. The daughter of

* "Later Letters of Marcus Dods, D.D." Selected and Edited by his son, Marcus Dods, M.A., London. Price 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

† "Second Fiddle." By the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker. 6s. (Eveleigh Nash.)

Photo by A. & N. Auxiliary Portrait Studios, Westminster.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker.

Richard, Lord Houghton, a name which is inseparably connected with all that is memorable in Victorian literature; the sister of an accomplished poet (poetry and letters have lost, if the nation at large has gained, by the Marquis of Crewe's absorption in affairs of State), Mrs. Henniker is herself the author of seven volumes of imaginative literature, as well as of a four-act play.

But were she the most unknown and nameless of writers, sending out from obscurity a novel to challenge the verdict of the critics, and were that novel "Second Fiddle," there could never be a moment's doubt about its reception at the hands of every one competent to judge.

There are several standpoints from which to view it. It is clearly the work of one who knows and loves nature, flowers, birds and animals, but most of all, as will be seen later, who loves her fellow women and fellow men. There are several exquisite descriptions of scenery which I must resist the temptation to quote, and there is a dog, whom (I refuse to write "which") one parts from (so deftly and lovingly is he drawn) as from a trusted comrade and friend.

Or it can be viewed as a novel of brilliant epigrams ("It is so easy to forgive one's enemies," says one of the characters, "the difficult thing is to forgive one's friends") which, were there space to quote at length, would make even a review—dullest and least original of all the many forms of human expression—not only endurable, but wise and witty reading. As space forbids extensive quotation, let me, at least, draw the attention of my own victims to what is said of Democracy on pages 250 and 251; of the Clergy, on page 101; and of Soldiering, throughout the book. As the widow of a distinguished soldier, mentioned three times in despatches for his gallantry in South Africa, who was looked upon, by the nation, as one of our finest fighting assets in the event of war, Mrs. Henniker has had special opportunities of seeing and studying military life at first hand. That she has made good use of her opportunities "Second Fiddle" shows. Here, for instance, in a few lines, she explains the dislike with which many great soldiers regard the lionising of themselves by the populace.

"To the General himself his fame counted for very little. Perhaps because there were so few people left now in the world to care about it. A lonely success is often the end of a strenuous life, and he who has won it, is surprised at least when he realises his indifference. Abingdon had been always glad to know that men in his own and loved profession held him in esteem; but the applause of the man in the street when it rang at last in his ears counted for almost nothing."

Some years ago Mrs. Henniker collaborated with Mr. Thomas Hardy in a story entitled "The Spectre of the Real." Of one of the characters, Lord Parkhurst, we were told that his chivalrous feelings towards women "originated in the fact that he knew very little about them," and there was much speculation as to whether the passage were of Mrs. Henniker's or of Mr. Hardy's penning. I happen to know, but keep my own counsel, merely remarking that Mrs. Henniker's singular and fine loyalty to her own sex, and her admiration of noble womanhood, are apparent in all she writes, and never more so than in "Second Fiddle."

"God saw a woman in a sick room: He copied her, and made—an angel." Mrs. Henniker has seen a woman in a sick room, in the presence of death, and, incongruous as the contrast may seem, in the whirl of fashionable life; and she has drawn for us a woman—a real woman, a live woman, almost an ordinary woman—who is more lovable, more worshipful, and more wonderful, than any angel. Were it only for the relentless (I say "relentless" for the reason that the woman is shown with all her defects, physical, intellectual, and temperamental) and loving insight with which the character of Elizabeth Grantham is drawn, "Second Fiddle" would be a remarkable novel. But it is a remarkable and unusual novel for other reasons. It is, for instance, a story picturing, and picturing truthfully, the fashionable life which has been written about, preached about, gossiped about, and gasped about in the books, sermons, and plays that profess to portray what are called "The Sins of Society."

Shall I be believed when I say that, truthful picture as it is, of the follies and infidelities, as well as of the faithful loves and fine loyalties of the so-called "fashionable" world, it is a book which every one will be the better for reading? It is a book, moreover, which makes one feel singularly "drawn" towards the author. She tells her story simply and directly with scarcely a digression or an "aside" made on her own part. So admirable is her art, so exquisite her sense of reticence and restraint, that a critic would find it difficult to point to a passage which seemed to indicate the author's standpoint on the questions with which the book deals. Yet by some innate purity of her own, some quality of sterling sincerity in herself, she compels her readers into the high company of those who hold fast by honour, truth, loyalty, righteousness, and, most of all, by tender pitifulness and charity for human folly, human weakness and human frailty. That it is a sad book cannot be denied. "Which of us has really won his heart's desire since those days?" asks one of her characters near the book's close, and "Heart's Desire" might fitly have been its chosen title. Yet, sad as is her story, for even those who attained their heart's desire realise at the last the vanity of all earthly things, at the close there is a noble note of hope. Mrs. Henniker is no pessimist. She realises to the full the greyness, the insignificance, and what Mr. Henry James calls "the long humiliation of life"; but to her, even in their sinnings and stumblings, there is some redeeming quality, if, indeed, not some actually lovable quality, in men and women; and in their efforts, even in their unsuccessful efforts towards better things, she finds something that is heroic, if not divine. Hence her optimism, hence her hope.

I have already suggested an alternative title for the novel. Two others, both from the author's text, occur to me, one which strikes a pathetic note, "The Woman who expected the Impossible"; the other sounding a note of grim irony: "The Man who had had a Good Time."

Yet another title might be "The Triumph of Failure." Her heroine, Elizabeth, fails to fill the place she had hoped in the life of the uncle she loved. Worse, chance makes her, almost in girlhood, aware that that place is partly

filled by a woman, concerning whose relations with him the girl, dimly, but with staggering and poignant pain, realises that all is not right. Yet with her respect for her uncle thus assailed, her ideals shattered, and the shock to her innocence notwithstanding,—by the faithfulness, forbearance and forgiveness, which are, alas! so rare even in good women, she triumphs where most would have failed, and in the face of apparent defeat. Later on in womanhood these same capabilities for faithfulness, forbearance and forgiveness stand her and others equally in good stead. In an exquisite love-scene, we see her plight her troth to the man she loves, the man who loves her in return. He, too, though faithful in heart, and to the end, fails her, at least in bodily fidelity. Yet when the woman who has striven to win him from her, is face to face with terrible sorrow, it is the woman she has wronged who, forgetting everything except their common womanhood, hurries to sustain and to comfort the other in her despair.

"In some supreme moments of overmastering anguish," says Mrs. Henniker, "moments that purify desire and exalt earthly passion, there is no longer any divorce between the saint and the sinner. They draw near to one another with a wonder of recognition. . . . You? *You* feel this very same pain, this same ache of despair and loneliness? And then with bowed heads they remember that they are only children of one great human family that suffers and weeps."

There is a—shall we say violin obligato?—accompaniment of "the still, sad music of humanity," throughout the whole of the story. The noble *vox humana* note which Mrs. Henniker thus nobly touches, when describing the woman-heart of her heroine going out in Christlike sympathy and sorrow to a sinning but suffering sister, makes this portion of the book deepen into the very organ-music of life.

I have said nothing of the uncanny, and but for the breadth of her charity, the almost cruel insight and skill with which she lays bare the workings of the mind of George Grantham. I have not even spoken of her merciless yet pitiful miniature of the soul of Clare Cresswell. Nor have I introduced the reader to the many pleasant people (thank Heaven! her pleasant people far outnumber her unpleasant) who come and go in her pages—all, especially the lovable Irish priest, limned in to the life. A reviewer, this reviewer at least, is not a Master of the Ceremonies. He is but a humble Commissionaire, set at the door of the House of Literature, to point callers their way, and to indicate, briefly, what and whom they will find in any particular room. And so he stands very respectfully at salute to the author and to the reader, and, in reply to the latter's inquiries, he says: "Novels, Sir? Yes, you can't do better than knock at the door marked 'Mr. Eveleigh Nash,' and ask for 'Second Fiddle,' by Mrs. Arthur Henniker."

COULSON KERNAHAN.

WILLIAM MORRIS.*

This third instalment of the "Collected Works of William Morris" contains "Love is Enough" and "Poems by the Way," "Three Northern Love Stories" and "Beowulf," "The Æneids of Virgil" and "Sigurd the Volsung." The editorial and illustrative matter, as before, is of some length and interest. Miss May Morris writes very fully about her father's labours at each book and in other fields during the same period, and she prints a number of letters. The "elusive threads" of her notes will probably be read more than any other parts of the twenty-four volumes of this monument. They show very graphically the variety and the intermingling of Morris's occupations, his dyeing, his illuminating, his public meetings against the unspeakable Turk, his letters against the unspeakable Sir Gilbert Scott, and then in August a letter to his wife saying that he is coming down to Kelmscott:

"Please tell May to have as many worms ready for me: proper brandlings I must have; they are striped and don't smell nice—this is their sign. I have got everything you want, I think: I hope the bonnet will come to hand in moderate preservation."

And a reminder again:

"Don't forget *the worms*."

This was in 1877. Miss Morris adds that she also understood gentles, and remembers her pride in not refusing "to manipulate this interesting bait when desired by the fisherman," her father. The note comes from the editorial pages to "Sigurd," which was begun in 1875. "Students," says Miss Morris, "are fortunate that the British Museum has in safe keeping some important manuscripts of this epic . . . the central work of my father's life, his last long and important poem." She lets us "skim" with her through some of the MS. note books, quoting many lines from a cancelled passage of the scene between Brynhild and Sigurd after her discovery of the betrayal. But Morris's work is so long-drawn-out and subdued that a few score of lines more or less will not cause much beating of hearts.

Will there ever come a time when the language of "Sigurd" will not seem a dead one? Will men ever read, without translating, phrases like "the blossomed garth of rhyme," "the rippling harp-gold," "men trowed his every word"? Will they ever read straight on, with pleasure in the thought, the rhyme:

"There was a dwelling of Kings ere the world was waxen old;
Dukes were the door-wards there, and the roofs were thatched with gold;
Earls were the wrights that wrought it, and silver nailed its doors;
Earls' wives were its weaving-women; queens' daughters strewed its floors;
And the masters of its song-craft were the mightiest men that cast
The sails of the storm of battle adown the bickering blast.
There dwelt men merry-hearted, and in hope exceeding great
Met the good days and the evil as they went the way of fate.
There the Gods were unforgotten; yea, whiles they walked with men,
Though e'en in that world's beginning rose a murmur now and again
Of the midward time and the fading and the last of the latter days,
And the entering in of the terror, and the death of the People's Praise."

In the whole poem much manly and delicate feeling is embedded and a conception which might have been that of a great modern poem as well as an ancient one, but it has to be disembedded. The writing is archaism and euphemism imperfectly vitalised, whether by the poet's easy rapid writing or not it is hard to say. Morris wrote his two or three hundred lines and thought nothing of it. But those long lines have the same effect on the mind as on the eye. They dangle and sprawl.

"The Æneids" and "Beowulf" provide still sadder tasks for a man who admires Morris and cares for poetry.

After his youth Morris never found any one occupation at which he fully expressed himself. He is to be found in the whole of his work, in the combination that is unique, but not in any one part of it. Here he is strong, there he is violent, here again he is loose-knit, or there he is delicate. He was always expressing some imitative aspiration. He liked old things, and he set about living or writing like men in the days that he admired. He was interested in what a thing had been, not in what it had become or in what it was to be. He translated "Beowulf." He wrote stories that are enough like old Northern stories to be intolerable by comparison. He translated what he called "The Æneids" like a man who had never learnt to speak, but only to write. He wrote an epic in a year or so as good as any man could write in the time, and that also is a translation out of English into an unknown tongue. Prose and verse, except in his letters, is too often diluted and derived, so that the life represented in them has lost savour and motion. Mr. Noyes meant the same thing when he spoke of Morris's poetry having the "low values" of tapestry. He seemed to think that there was need or precedent for such poetry: but there can be no room for work which does not find or create a world in which it and the reader can live. That Morris had the power to do work needing no translation he showed, even when his youth was well past, in some of the "Poems

* "The Collected Works of William Morris." Vols. 9–12. With Introductions by his daughter, May Morris. 24 Vols. £12 12s. Sold in sets only. (Longmans.)

by the Way," "The Message of the March Wind" being the finest. Reading these again and looking at the man's portrait in 1880, reproduced here, makes it more than ever difficult to read what "dropped off the end of his pen" so easily. They are all here, naked to the world on a beautiful page, introduced as filially as possible, with reproductions of drawings, decorations, illuminations and manuscript by Morris, and details of composition and bibliography to satisfy students and any others needing them.

EDWARD THOMAS.

TENNYSON AND HIS FRIENDS.*

Students and lovers of Tennyson owe thanks to Lord Tennyson for this compilation. The quantity of literature that has grown up round and about the greatest of the Poets Laureate is vast already, and many people will share our opinion that better service, or service more in accordance with his wishes, could hardly have been done than has been done by Lord Tennyson in writing the definitive biography of his father, in publishing the annotated edition of his poems, and now in collecting such memories of his father, records of his friends, and criticisms of his work as serve to supplement the memoir and add useful touches to the portrait there contained. For the three together render superfluous the machine-made productions of all British Museum book-makers, and supplemented only, perhaps, by Stopford Brooke's critical analysis, tell the world all it has any need to know about the paramount English poet of the Victorian age. It may be hoped reasonably that literary body-snatchers will respect this one spot in Westminster Abbey. Nothing remains to be discovered that any one has right to know, and of all men's, Alfred Tennyson's memory is most entitled to respect.

Partly, then, for the protective value it may be expected to have against the impertinences of literary ghouls, a compilation of this kind, made by a competent authority jealous of the reputation of him on whose character he is throwing fresh light, deserves a welcome. In still larger measure this one can be praised for the quality of the material of which it is composed. The notes and essays here contained are of unequal merit, but there are only one or two with which we think the editor might have dispensed. Of the others, there are several which we are glad to have reproduced from the periodicals in which they first appeared—notably, the late Sir Alfred Lyall's review of "Tennyson: a Memoir," originally contributed to *The Edinburgh Review*—and several written *ad hoc* which make substantial and valuable addition to our knowledge of their subjects. We may single out for special mention Dr. Warren's paper on FitzGerald and Carlyle, Mr. Aldis Wright's admirable article on James Spedding—an achievement in miniature biography—and the, unhappily, incomplete paper by Henry Graham Dakyns on Tennyson's appreciation of the great classical authors of the past. But the book, as a whole, serves to dispel something of the formidableness of the man as he presented himself to the world, and, in the words of Mr. Dakyns—Δακυλίδιον or "Little Dakyns," as he proudly records the poet called him once—brings out his humanity and his eternal youthfulness. "I can still feel his hand-grip, soft at once and large and strong, as he stood there peering down on the relatively small mortal before him—so sane, and warm, and trustful." Many people can understand that Tennyson inspired awe in those who came into his presence for the first time; fewer know how speedily he won their heart. It is only fair to him that this fact should become common knowledge.

His poetry is, of course, a very full expression of himself, and there is no necessity to speak here of his wide sympathy, the catholicity of his mind, or his width of view. But it is interesting to read that a man like Sir Charles Stanford was astonished by Tennyson's rare faculty for recognising subtle musical characterisation and very nice appreciation of the fitness of music to its subject; that a scientist like Sir Oliver Lodge perceived how Tennyson moved in the atmosphere of science, not as an alien, but as an understanding and sympathetic friend; and that Sir Norman Lockyer finds the most accurate science blended with the truest poetry in all Tennyson's references to natural phenomena. Catholicity of mind is all very well, but without fullness of knowledge often results in mere versatility; the great interest of this volume is the *testamur* it furnishes from men eminent in almost every department of intellectual activity to Tennyson's amazing fullness of knowledge of their several subjects.

Of anecdotes and personalia, this volume has enough to ensure its acceptance by a large and general reading public. It is to be hoped that it will have the effect of correcting some of the common misapprehensions of both Tennyson and FitzGerald. But chiefly it is a book for the student and lover of Tennyson, and every one of these will desire to possess it. And one could wish that some of these would help to popularise the view of life which results in some of the things which Jowett notes as characteristics of Tennyson. It would do a good deal to mitigate the unpleasantness of general intercourse in the very mixed society of the present age. Friendship of the kind commemorated here must always be rare, because a group of men such as Tennyson and his friends cannot reasonably be looked for more than once in a century, perhaps not so often. The seventeenth century had its splendid company, and so had the eighteenth. If the twentieth is to add its "period" to the history of English literature, the men must be in the making now. If they are already old enough to read they might profitably assimilate the substance of this book and act upon the rules of life that are implicit in it. At least it will help them to appreciate the responsibility that is theirs for the splendid heritage of literature which these men so greatly enriched.

CRANSTOUN METCALFE.

* "Tennyson and His Friends." Edited by Hallam, Lord Tennyson. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

BEAUMARCHAIS AND LAFAYETTE.*

The late Mr. James Perkins began the book that has now been issued under the care of his widow, by asking whether the American colonies would have succeeded in their struggle for independence if they had not received aid in men and money from France. Towards the close of the volume he answers the question by stating that "apparently it would have been impossible to bring the war to a successful termination if France had not interfered," on behalf of the new republic. Had the colonists been left to their own resources, it is possible that the central government would have been supported with greater loyalty and firmness; but it is certain that America owes France a heavy debt of gratitude for help given in the hour of need, and that no American can look back on the way in which men like Beaumarchais were treated without some feeling of regret and even shame.

Throughout the war and in the negotiations at its close, France gave an example of disinterestedness rare in the history of nations. The treaty of alliance and commerce, signed at Paris on Februray 6th, 1778, was, in M. Jusserand's words, "a treaty for which there had been no precedent in history, and of which there has been no imitation since." The "United States of North America," was a Government independent only in its own estimation. France pledged herself not to lay down her arms until American independence was achieved; to claim nothing for her help; to reserve nothing for herself on a continent two-thirds of which she had formerly owned; and to ask no commercial advantages which were not open to any other nation, even England, when it chose. It is small

* "France in the American Revolution." By James Breck Perkins. 8s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

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wonder that Europe was surprised at such a convention. The Spanish Prime Minister said that France was acting like Don Quixote. Americans like Adams and Jay were sceptical. That there were some secret clauses in the understanding was a common belief, and even Washington suspected that there was in the agreement something "more than the disinterested zeal of allies." Yet all these forebodings were groundless. There were no secret clauses, and France honourably kept her word.

But years before the treaty, the United States had reason to be grateful to France. Inspired by the philosophers who were busy predicting a new era of happiness, and urged also by a love of adventure, Frenchmen of all classes offered their services to the rebels. Deane, one of the American representatives in Paris, wrote that he was "well-nigh harassed to death with applications of officers to go out to America." It is true that all these volunteers were not in every way desirable—some, such as de Broglie and du Coudray, were a source of weakness rather than strength—but many of them served the republic with zeal and devotion, and at least two can claim a place little inferior to that of the Americans themselves—Lafayette and Beaumarchais.

Lafayette's interest in the American colonies was first aroused by the Duke of Gloucester, who, being in disgrace with his brother, George III., entertained the guests of the Marshal de Broglie by a humorous account of the scene with the tea-chests in Boston Harbour. Lafayette, then a lad of nineteen, listened to the Duke's conversation, heard that the rebels were in need of recruits, and after dinner, crossed the room to the Duke, and said: "I will join the Americans—I will help them fight for freedom! Tell me how to set about it." This youthful enthusiasm was combined with a coldness of manner that made people think him dull, and a steadfastness of purpose that sometimes degenerated into obstinacy. But his resolution to help the Americans never wavered. He resisted the efforts of his relatives and of the Government to divert his purpose, and after surmounting many obstacles—among them a *lettre de cachet* forbidding his departure—landed in South Carolina and offered his services to the cause of freedom. He made the journey through Charleston to Philadelphia, was coldly received by Congress, but stated that he only asked two favours, to serve at his own expense and to begin his service as a volunteer. He succeeded in convincing Congress that he was no mere adventurer, and was soon given the rank of Major-General. His services, says Mr. Perkins, were "of inestimable value to the American cause; not only did he prove himself a good officer and an exceedingly discreet adviser, but he was a connecting link between the Americans and the French Government; the influence of his counsels, the enthusiasm enacted by his conduct, were of considerable weight in bringing the French authorities to espouse openly the American cause." Nor was the prestige of his name without its effect. The American as well as the French Revolution suffered nothing by the fact that it found adherents among the aristocracy, and that one of its most zealous supporters happened to be a marquis.

While Lafayette's name is more familiar to the American people than that of any other foreign actor in the Revolution, the services rendered by Beaumarchais were scarcely less valuable. The creator of "Figaro," while on a mission to London, heard from Wilkes and others of the American struggle, and at once took up the cause with his usual ardour and enthusiasm. He made representations to the French Government, strongly urging active participation, but Louis XVI. and his ministers did not care to risk a war with England. Beaumarchais got over the difficulty by establishing an imaginary Spanish firm called Roderigue Hortalez and Company, whose ostensible object was to trade with America, but who really formed the channel through which French aid was sent to the insurgents. By this means advances to the amount of three million livres were promptly sent across the Atlantic, Beaumarchais hoping that cargoes of tobacco would be returned in exchange, and that in this way the Americans might be provided with the warlike provisions they needed. Beaumarchais supplemented the grant of the French Government by most of his own fortune, and Mr. Perkins is convinced that, had it not been for his indefatigable zeal, the much-needed powder, guns, and clothing would never have reached the American army. But though the Americans were willing to accept these provisions, they showed little disposition to pay, and though Hortalez and Company kept on despatching ships, little was returned in exchange. As a consequence Beaumarchais soon found himself in financial difficulties. In vain he wrote that he had exhausted his money and credit. The ships laden with tobacco never appeared, and though a formal contract was drawn up by Congress, the accounts remained unliquidated. In 1779 Hay communicated to Beaumarchais the formal thanks of Congress for his efforts on behalf of the Colonies, but still no remittances were sent. For years Beaumarchais asked for justice, and for years his demands were answered by silence or flimsy excuses. It was not until 1835 that the heirs of Beaumarchais were told that in exchange for a receipt in full they would be given one-fourth of the sum which Alexander Hamilton had decided should be paid. "It was," says Mr. Perkins, "a settlement of twenty-five cents on the dollar, after a delay of half a century, made by a rich and prosperous nation, with the heirs of a man who had furnished our ancestors with assistance when our national existence was in doubt, who had lost much by the perils of war, and had risked losing all if we had failed to achieve our independence."

A. W. EVANS.

MISS MEYNELL'S NOVEL.*

When Miss Meynell's first and anonymous novel, "Martha Vine," was published, critics were at pains to discover influences. Whence had she derived her inspiration, style, force? She was seen, by this person or by that, to share qualities with Jane Austen, Charlotte Yonge, George Eliot, Meredith, Mr. Hardy—a heavy enough benediction for any newcomer to the cockpit of novelists. With "Cross-in-Hand Farm" before us we need have no concern about origins. Here is an individual effort of work which proves that however much she may have studied in the past—and evidently that has been thoroughly, wisely and well—Miss Meynell has a style and inspiration of her own, with a method of careful work which to some extent meets the definition of genius—as an infinite capacity for taking pains.

While "Cross-in-Hand Farm" is not entirely a character novel, it belongs unquestionably to the leisurely school of fiction. It tells a pretty story with sufficient effect; but the charm of the book rests chiefly in the atmosphere and in the characters. It has—we cannot help saying it—something of the delicate truthfulness, charm of detail, and capable simplicity, of Jane Austen's work. Miss Meynell talks of a table, a chair, a mark on the wall, inessentials though they be, in a way which makes them not so inessential after all, for as used by her they complete the reality, add to the atmosphere, of the picture. The manner in which she touches in these necessary inessentials shows how well she has trained her imagination and her pen. It is, indeed, a joy to read a book like this, if only as antidote to the rush of crude romances — composed of people who at best are merely stock types, and written in a style it is a compliment to call a style—that choke the libraries, and cause invisible crowsfeet to mark the minds of the reviewers. Miss Meynell has managed to be painstaking without becoming dull. Every thing and every person she comes to in the course of her narrative is described, with an artistic loving care, such as that wherewith Isaak Walton, in his compleat angling, impaled his frog. As to the characters, possibly the most difficult of them proves the most successful. Dorcas Liliot was, mentally, a proper wanton. That is really the word for it; though, owing to its general application, it is too harsh and cruel in this particular case. She was beautiful, clever enough, sufficiently well-off; very vain, and for ever longing to see herself in some picturesque emotional circumstance. She had a lover, Evan Davidstow,

* "Cross-in-Hand Farm." By Viola Meynell. With two Illustrations by Charles Stabb. 6s. (Herbert & Daniel.)

with whom she experimented. She could not let well alone. She must test and try him, test and try herself, for the sake of the emotions realised. What was it to be like when the loved one was away; and what, when she was far from the loved one? She played the chord of jealousy, of indifference, of mimic passion. No girl with a deep heart would make these experiments, of course; and Miss Meynell shows us plainly enough that Dorcas's nature was shallow as a tambourine. Of the world worldly, she could not be true mate to true man. That is plain. Contrasted with her moral wantonness was Jane Haffenden, a conventional figure, charming enough, and in real life lovable; but rather good girl than heroine. The weakness of the book is in the drawing of Davidstow. He is rather a lay-figure of a man; due, no doubt, to the part he was made to play. It was necessary to the tale that Dorcas should complete her series of experiments in emotion; therefore, he must be patient with her. Miss Meynell makes him so. His very patience, however, renders him somewhat lifeless and unmanly; for he soon found out the sort of girl Dorcas was; and realised that, intellectually, she was not merely no mate for him but actually untrue, while Jane loved him and he her with similar fervour. In those circumstances, it was his duty to cut the engagement, to be off with the old love and on with the true. He did not do so; and, even when the right ending came, was in half-a-mind not to meet the opportunity. In spite of Evan's mere plaster manliness—not on this occasion a great defect when the quality of the whole book is measured—"Cross-in-Hand Farm" is particularly strong in the skill and subtlety of the character-drawing. Even the folk of slight concern to the plot are easily visualised; and we would gladly have seen more of some of them, especially of Mrs. Tonkin and the Fewsters, village worthies, who even within their present limits are amusing.

Miss Meynell has now written two notable books. The future is at her feet. She will travel far. It needs no mantle of Elijah to justify that confident prophecy.

C. E. LAWRENCE.

Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine and Duchess of Cleveland.

From an engraving by W. Sherwin.
From "My Lady Castlemaine," by Philip W. Sergeant. (Hutchinson.)

LADY CASTLEMAINE.*

There is a wall in the National Portrait Gallery from the centre of which that famous king, Charles II., looks down with saturnine inscrutability. Near him shines the boozy countenance of Buckingham. All round crowd the beauties—Barbara Villiers, Madame Carwell (as John Bull called the French mistress), Nelly Gwyn, Buckingham's superb Shrewsbury, and the rest. Anthony Hamilton, seeking copy, watches the throng; while at the side, aloof, the delicate, intense face of another Anthony—the Earl of Shaftesbury—a face as inscrutable as the King's and as fair as his is ugly, watches also but with a different purpose. Those who would write of the history of the reign must catch the spirit of that wall. Otherwise, all their pains are of no avail. With the Castlemaine for the centre of the picture, to miss that spirit would be doubly to fail, for the Castlemaine was the age incarnate. A skilled hand in the portrayal of frail ladies, Mr. Sergeant, aided by Pepys and Hamilton and such graver recorders as Clarendon and Burnet and Sir John Reresby, has been by no means unsuccessful in his task.

It is rather curious that among the countless biographies of her kind which have been produced during the last few years, Barbara Villiers should have remained so long unrepresented. Materials are abundant. Her career was far from dull. Without having the significance of a Diane de Poitiers or a Madame de Pompadour, she made her mark on public affairs. Her inexhaustible voracity did not help Charles in his dealings with an economical House of Commons; and her hostility to France was a factor in the international situation. According to our present standards, therefore, she was well worth a biography. Short sketches (in volumes of Mixed Mistresses) there have been; and some forty years ago Mr. G. S. Steinman treated the matter with most scrupulous fulness. But since his book was issued privately, Mr. Sergeant may claim to be treading paths not unduly worn.

Nevertheless, the chapters dealing with Barbara's supremacy will bear the face of old friends to all who remember their Pepys and their "Gramont." Everyone knows the stories of her admission to the Queen's bed-chamber and of her rivalry with Frances Stewart, Duchess of Richmond. In this latter connection it may interest Mr. Sergeant to know that on St. Valentine's Day, 1662, the King "drew the Duchess of Richmond and my Lady Castle Mane drew him;" the Duchess being Miss Stewart's predecessor among Richmond's wives, and at that date a bride. But her early intrigue with the Earl of Chesterfield and her later adventures in England and France—not to mention the undercurrent which never ceased to flow even during the years of royal favour—are less familiar. They make amusing, if not particularly edifying reading. Like the joy of life itself, Barbara Villiers was "common and divine." Divine, Lely's loving brush has insisted a hundred times. Common, the record of her hundred loves proclaims her.

THE GRAND STYLE, A TROUBADOUR AND PROSPERO.†

A new edition has been called for of Mr. Holroyd's version of the "Life of Michael Angelo"[1] by Condivi. The value of Mr. Holroyd's book is indeed unquestionable; but it is something more than a book merely for the student. It makes an appeal as literature; for Condivi's "Life of Michael Angelo" is not only true to life and human nature, as Mr. Holroyd claims, but is delightful in the charm and simplicity of its

* "My Lady Castlemaine." By Philip W. Sergeant, B.A. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

† 1—"Michael Angelo." By Charles Holroyd, Director of the National Gallery, with Translations of the Life of the Master by Condivi, and Dialogues from the Portuguese by Francisco D'Ollanda. 5s. net. (Duckworth.)

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narrative, and as full of interest as any story book. Condivi, who published his life of the master in 1553, lives still, as he said he wished to live, "as a faithful servant and disciple of Michael Angelo." His words seem to be echoed by Sir Joshua Reynolds in the famous "Last Discourse." "I feel a self-congratulation," said Sir Joshua, "in knowing myself capable of such sensations as Michael Angelo intended to excite. To kiss the hem of his garment, to catch the slightest of his perfections, would be glory and distinction enough for an ambitious man." In truth, when we come into the presence of the great master we must speak low. This is the creator of the Sistine Chapel. This is the poet of San Lorenzo whose sleeping statue dreams on for ever since those dark days when it was better to be but stone in Florence, best not to feel nor hear when dishonour and despair were there enthroned. So Michael Angelo interpreted the meaning of his statue of "Night" himself in his sonnet; "Wake me not. Speak in an undertone."

It is a far cry from the Tiber and the Arno to Glasgow to find an allegory on the banks of the Clyde. Yet when we consider what the "Grand Style" became to belated followers of Michael Angelo we shall find something we could aptly transpose to describe this tyranny, from among the good things Mr. Shaw Sparrow says in his book upon the art of John Lavery.[2]

He describes the decorative work painted by Mr. Lavery for the Banqueting Hall in the Municipal Buildings at Glasgow, where you see almost in a bird's eye view in perspective a great dockyard with a huge red funnelled steel-clad ship, and a grim squad of workmen in the foreground. As we look upon the ship and the human figures busy all around her in this picture, "Shipbuilding on the Clyde," we realise how big the "steel-clad" is, and how puny men seem in comparison with her enormous bulk; and the author says: "Man is becoming a new Gulliver in a new Brobdingnag, for he builds colossal mechanisms by which he is dwarfed and enslaved."

It seems we become subservient nowadays to some "metal despot driven by steam or electricity." But we have been always subservient to some kind of despotism, and Michael Angelo painting the Sistine Chapel created a Brobdingnagian kingdom wherein many a shipwrecked Gulliver found himself enslaved and dwarfed.

Let us quote from Mr. Holmes' new book which he modestly entitles "Notes on the Art of Rembrandt."[3] It is a book to quote from, to read and to think about as a significant achievement in art criticism. A gigantic programme in art, says Mr. Holmes, was actually carried out by Michael Angelo, Raphael, and a few other very great artists of the Renaissance; and their successors were fired with ambition to follow in the same path:

"Art academies sprang up to carry students through an impossible curriculum, and generation after generation of painters attempted to absorb the vast mass of learning for which the Grand Style of painting called.

"Not one student in a thousand was made of strong enough stuff to endure so terrific an ordeal. A few, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, slipped aside into the simpler walks of portraiture, or landscape, or *genre*. The rest lost all such talent as they originally possessed, and became dull eclectic pedants, driving the next unlucky generation into the same interminable educational morass in which their own originality had sunk.

"The record of art history proves that almost every artist of the highest eminence has been in some sense a rebel against systems accepted in his time."

To return to the work of Mr. Lavery. It is to be regretted that Mr. Shaw Sparrow does not say something more about the Glasgow School, about George Henry, Mr. Hornel, and other masters of the modern day. Mr. Lavery has been so far a rebel that he has been rejected by the Royal Academy, and the whirligig of time has brought in this pleasant revenge that he is now an Associate of the august body. He is, of course, above all things, a portrait painter, and a painter of women's portraits who never allows grace and refinement to dwindle into what Mr. Shaw Sparrow terms "namby pamby."

"The Tate Gallery is profuse with sentimentalities," says Mr. Shaw Sparrow, and this is indeed a true saying. "The necessary thing is to combine sweetness with light and vigour," and in accomplishing this the artist has arrived at the happy ending his biographer tells of. Although the artist's personal career has been a gallant victory over conditions few men would care to encounter, his art has picked its way through all difficulties, happy and serene, and we are reminded of the old song, says Mr. Shaw Sparrow:

"Gaily the troubadour touched his guitar
As he came carolling home from the war."

We know we shall not read of any happy ending to the story of that great magician who is the hero in Mr. Holmes' book. I have called him Prospero; but this Prospero never found his Dukedom in his poor isle. Rembrandt was too great a rebel to be forgiven in his own day. His pictures would not sell then at any price, and ruin and bankruptcy came upon him before his troubles ended in a pauper's grave; and he is the greatest of modern painters. "It has taken something like two and a half centuries for Europe to find out—." But why conclude with what we have found out about Rembrandt? One thinks of Lowell's lines:

"Thoughts that great hearts once broke for, we
Breathe cheaply in the common air."

F. EMILY PHILLIPS.

2—"John Lavery and his Work." By Walter Shaw Sparrow. 10s. 6d. net. (Kegan Paul.)

3—"Notes on the Art of Rembrandt." By C. J. Holmes. Director of the National Portrait Gallery. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE THEATRE.*

Despite a momentary withdrawal from attention the theatre (or, as one would have said only a year or so ago, the drama) has raised its head imperiously within the last decade to claim a renewed place for itself in the ranks and ritual of Art. And within the next decade that claim must be answered one way or another. What that answer will be remains, not with argument and precept, but with genius and its inclination: nevertheless the argument is important; and when that argument is raised by men who bear on them the mark of genius, then that argument becomes thrice-important, even though it still remains only in the way of precept.

For example, here are books by two men of genius. Gordon Craig is a man of the theatre; W. B. Yeats is a man of poetry, part of that poetry being displayed in forms that are dramatic. One perceives no antithesis—with centuries of European dramatic practice behind one, one perceives no antithesis in two such men. It is natural to assume that Mr. Gordon Craig exists for the purpose of displaying Mr. Yeats's drama to the best advantage, and the designs to the book of Mr. Yeats's collected drama seem to support that assumption. But one rises from a careful reading of "On the Art of the Theatre" with the perception of quite a sharp antithesis. The Man of the Theatre has claimed an Art for himself. He has claimed the right to be no more a servant; to be, indeed, independent of the Man of Drama. Dating from pre-European and ultra-European sources, he has even claimed the right to turn the Man of Drama, and his Drama, out of the Theatre, to erect there his own independent edifice.

It is an interesting situation. And we have the faith to believe that it is an altogether admirable situation. The bad Man of the Theatre, in his crudity and vulgarity and hideous ostentation, has ruined Drama; and we have often thought the good Man of the Theatre would do no less. Looking at Mr. Gordon Craig's sketches and models the other day at the Leicester Galleries we were stirred by them, but oppressed also, for we felt that it would be impossible for strong Drama to master such auxiliary grandeur, and take its proper place. The two things, we felt, could not thrive together. Imagine then with what a gleaming eye we read in his book that it was his desire to abolish the Playwright

* "On the Art of the Theatre." By Edward Gordon Craig. 6s. net. (Heinemann.)

"Plays for an Irish Theatre." By W. B. Yeats. With Designs by Gordon Craig. 8s. 6d. net. (Shakespeare Head Press.)

and his play, the Actor and his acting, for the enthronement of the More-than-Marionette (why *Ueber*-Marionette, Mr. Craig?). His designs, even when conceived for particular plays, are not designs for the interpretation of Drama, but are rather a portion of a new Art of dumb ritual. We think at once of Sumurun; and seem to see a coming development that shall not lack interest.

But Mr. Yeats is a Man of Drama, and not a Man, truly, of the Theatre. He is a Magician of words, to whom a dumb ritual must remain as far removed as the arts of the chisel and pigment. In his new, penetrating preface to this collection of his plays he investigates the difference between Tragedy and Comedy. One is, says he, the dissolution of individuality, the other the erection and maintenance of it; and we disagree with him because, we think, he has not divined the true meaning and nature of personality. But all he says depends on words, words, words; whereas Mr. Gordon Craig would abolish words. It is an interesting situation; and there is an interesting answer to it that the editorial limitation of space compels to remain "the baseless fabric of a vision." There is only space to say that both these books are very choice and exquisite examples of binding and printing craft.

DARRELL FIGGIS.

THE LIFE OF SIR GEORGE NEWNES.*

There are many persons who will welcome this thoughtful and carefully-written life of Sir George Newnes. They may not be necessarily connected with political life or with journalism, but they will certainly belong to that large and influential class of thoughtful men and women who have watched with some anxiety the extraordinarily rapid growth of the popular periodical press, and have grown sensitive about the ultimate end of this ever-increasing demand for cheap and easy entertainment. Of course, Miss Friederichs does not attempt to prove that the success which Sir George Newnes won in the course of a strenuous and, in some respects, dramatic career, had anything to do with a new or a golden age in English literature. Her biography does take us aside, however, from the mere jargon of millions of figures as circulations, and all the old unconvincing chatter about fortunes won in a fortnight, and shows us the man who made this revolution in popular literature possible and effective as he really was—warm, lovable and human. As a consequence, her record constitutes not only an admirable tribute to the gifts and the labours of the real pioneer of our modern popular literature, but it serves as a very inspiring record of what can be done by others by a first-hand study of what the public really if unconsciously seek.

Miss Friederichs, on the strength of the opinion of "a distinguished man of letters," tries to institute a parallel between the place won by Sir George Newnes and the position gained by those dauntless, splendid pioneers, Robert and William Chambers, but, personally, we doubt whether this parallel can be adequately sustained. The strength of the success won by Sir George Newnes was hidden in the fact that he regarded himself as the average man, that he put himself in the average man's place, and that by sheer force of sympathy and induction, he learned, more or less, exactly what the average man wanted to read. Now the Chambers brothers had a different purpose. They set out "to instruct and elevate independently of mere passing amusement;" whereas, in Miss Friederichs' own words, "Sir George Newnes catered for a public who asked for something that would rest and amuse the tired brain rather than for information and instruction." In other words, Miss Friederichs would practically contend that the work done by Sir Herbert Tree in his Shakespearean revivals, and by Mr. George Edwardes in his close attention to "the Sacred Lamp of Burlesque," is practically equal—and that, of course, is not the fact.

Every one who has known Fleet Street for the past fifteen years, however, will agree with the emphasis which Miss Friederichs places upon the integrity and the soundness of Sir George Newnes's business aims. While other proprietors sought to make fortunes by constant change and a succession of editors and methods, Sir George Newnes held tightly to what his own gifts told him the public demanded, and to the men who practically from the outset helped him to make his own dim desires articulate. As a consequence, the Newnes publications that came from Southampton Street always possessed a definite dignity and standpoint and a character that made it possible for anybody engaged in the craft to detect at a glance their place of origin. Almost inevitably Sir George Newnes gathered round him a crowd of friends and helpers, beginning in the early days of his struggles as a commercial traveller in Manchester, and passing on to those eager, competitive times in which he invaded London, and waged those stout contests in elections in the Newmarket division and in Swansea; and it is good to recall how that none of these friends was ever deserted. This fidelity, it must be remarked, was an uncommon quality in the world of periodical publication, and uncommon even amongst the men who imitated, more or less, the dead man's standpoint, success, and business organization. But it lends a very genuine fragrance to this record of his career, and it helps us to understand the large heart of the man who could, under the pressure of grave annoyance, turn with a whimsical smile lighting up his grave face, and say to a colleague, "If I were you, I should alter that. But, of course, do as you like."

After all, Sir George Newnes was, in honest truth, one of those vivid and powerful personalities that, from time to time, have swept across the literary profession and have changed its face, and in the volume before us, Miss Friederichs certainly makes good Sir George's own promise about the story of his life: "I do not say, like the Irishman, if you follow me you shall see some of the quarist things you have ever heard in your life, but I can certainly promise you that you shall not be dull."

STANHOPE W. SPRIGG.

* "The Life of Sir George Newnes." By Hulda Friederichs. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

PLOTS—ANCIENT AND MODERN.*

The ancient classification of Shakespeare's plays into histories, comedies and tragedies no longer appeals to us with the sanction of logic; similar reasons forbid the use of that simple method for the eight volumes here under review. But to the terms Ancient and Modern no objection can be taken in the case of plots ranging from the Wars of the Roses to the life-history of a modern board-schoolboy.

Chronologically, then, the list opens with Miss Schuster's valiant and far from unsuccessful attempt to portray perhaps the saddest and gloomiest page in the records of the English monarchy. 1. For her hero is the ill-fated Henry VI., a prince physically and mentally unable to cope with the disorders of his time, not the least of whose misfortunes it was to provide the inevitable foil for the glories of his father's achievements. Much hard work and ability of undoubted promise have gone to the framing of this story, and it may be said at once that there is no break in the interest of the novel, right up to its tragic epilogue. The immaturity of the book is chiefly seen in the attempts at reflective generalisations; and the naïve and frequent references to what may be found in "history-books" seem to indicate a youthful writer. But if that surmise is correct it enhances the many excellencies of the story.

"The Devil's Wind" 2. wafts us over four centuries to Cawnpore on the eve of the Mutiny. The author has here two obvious difficulties to contend with; namely, that it is an oft-told tale, but more especially that no Indian Mutiny novel can hope to thrill us as do the unvarnished records of the historians. Miss Wentworth has chosen for her central theme one of the most painful traditions of that

* [1]"The Triple Crown." By Rose Schuster. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)—[2]"The Devil's Wind." By Patricia Wentworth. 6s. (Melrose.)

time of horror, the capture and rediscovery of English women. Apart from the tragedy in which she is involved, there is little in Adela Morton to engage our sympathies, for she is an extreme example of the butterfly type of matron that we have come to expect to find in most plain tales from the hills. The pleasantly told love-story of Captain Morton and Adela's cousin is brought to a melodramatic point by the latter's discovery of her husband's first wife in the native bazaar. On the dangers of Anglo-Indian marriages Miss Wentworth writes with force and conviction, for the beginnings of Adela's sorrows were laid in her flirtations in a London ball-room with the half-caste nephew of Nana Sahib. In the matter of dialogue the author, in attempting to be realistic and humorous, is too often merely banal.

In the most literal sense we travel in Mr. Bryce's company[3] to fresh woods and pastures new. At least it is doubtful if there is any study to match this except the brilliant and too little known north-country classic, "Johnny Gibb of Gushetneuk," a work which may well have inspired Mr. Bryce's unrelenting picture of the conditions of farm service in the North. The earlier portion of the story describes, in a dialect as aggressive as the theme, the horrible bullying to which the little ploughboy is subjected by his brutal companions of the bothy. If Mr. Bryce is to be taken as historian, and not merely as novelist (and the entire book by its white-hot passion as well as by its artistic formlessness seems to proclaim its autobiographic truth), it is a disquieting surprise to think that such bestial conditions still obtain. In due time, but none too soon, the ploughboy gets a helping hand into a new life. He is on the high-road to becoming a prosperous steward, but his early sufferings drive him back to share and to try to ameliorate the life and hardships of the labouring class. To such a book as this there can be no neat ending, for it is not a plot, but a section of a life, closing not with treasure found, but with "serenity of soul." No recent book has better claim to the much-abused title of "human document."

In lighter vein, Mr. Neuman has given us a fascinating study of the evolution of the board-schoolboy. The book is well entitled "Roddles,"[4] for the father and two sons of that surname are all equally in the limelight. But if a hero must be selected, it is neither of the clever boys, one of whom becomes a distinguished member of the Royal Society, and the other a judge of the Court of Appeal, but the witty, shrewd, drunken little tailor who planned greatly for his children, and pursued his scheme almost at the cost of—sobriety. The characterization of the book is striking, and Roddles Senior may well aspire to the honour of being recognised as a type. Mr. Neuman is no worshipper of success, and the two brilliant sons are like clever automata compared with their very human and disreputable parent. The book as a whole is excellent comedy, shot through and through with pathos, and even gleams of tragedy. Had we to attempt to define the moral of the story, we should say it is that character stands for more than success. Mr. Neuman has certainly worked coincidence hard, but it would be as churlish to carp at that as to deny the humour of the closing scene, in which Roddles Senior (accompanied by his once very thirsty friend, Fitcher) marches at the head of a Salvation Army procession and preaches an eloquent, if "h"-less, sermon before the house in Cromwell Road occupied by Dr. Richard Roddles, F.R.S.

"It is not gay to live with two people who make the whole duty of man a sort of rolling-pin, flattening out the joy of life to its thinnest inconsistency." This was the description by poor Mrs. Thriepland of her dour husband and her ascetic step-daughter. Of the girl, Verona,[5] Mrs. Thriepland tells the story that when asked at the age of ten what she most wished to do, she replied:

> "My sole concern, my constant care,
> To watch and tremble and prepare
> Against the judgment day."

A mystery surrounds Verona's birth; and this is a well-guarded secret in the plot, which we may not disclose. To her father's horror, Verona develops a strange passion for the ritual and ceremony of Rome, which is fostered by her slavish devotion to Miss Camilla Palmer, of the ancient Catholic house of Craigie. Into the drab story of Verona's life, love makes one feeble effort to enter, but is easily worsted by the girl's ruling passion for renunciation. The discovery of her mother's secret adds fire to her resolve, but at the last moment death snatches from her the crown of her virginal ambition. This is a sombre but well-written story, somewhat insubstantial and lacking in variety.

Miss Little helps the readers of her romance, "The Children's Bread,"[6] with some devices borrowed from the drama. Thus each chapter is furnished with scene and date; while a Prologue of twenty-six years earlier date than the opening of the story proper records the tragedy that preceded the romance. The scene is laid in a Scottish village, where for quarter of a century Julius Heyman has his studio. Into his solitary life Trudy Courtland brings her agreeable Irish vivacity and fun. Trudy is by way of writing a great book, but Julius himself is the lodestone that keeps her in Argyllshire. The even tenor of the artist's days is violently broken by the advent of Tony Legrand, who has come from Brussels in hope to find his mother's betrayer. The little drama describes the great affection that springs up between the two men, clouded on Tony's part by the growing conviction that Heyman is the father he is in quest of. The Prologue to the novel renders the solution of this tangle pretty easy to divine, but Miss Little has made a slight plot the framework for some admirable writing and diverting comedy.

In "The Lure"[7] we are transported somewhat violently from London to the Sudan, and this division of scene is paralleled by the diverse styles of the two portions of the book. The first and better half gives us the diverting history of *The Orb*, a magnificent magazine written by duchesses for duchesses, and edited by a Greek god called Mr. Huntly Goss. Best of all the characters is Lady Helen Moorhouse, whose niece, Anne, is the heroine of the story, the sub-editor of *The Orb*, and almost the victim of Mr. Goss. In the second act Anne reappears in Egypt as the wife of Captain Host; while the magnificent Goss turns up in the strange rôle of agent for a company dealing in crocodile skins. His real motive, however, is to compass the murder of his idiot step-son. To this end he plots with the vilest of Greeks, only to find that he has underestimated the devoted vigilance of his down-trodden wife. We prefer the comedy of the first half to the melodrama of the second, but the interest is sustained in both.

A very pleasant story of a good old-fashioned kind seems an adequate description of Katharine Tynan's latest book "Princess Katharine."[8] If the ingredients be old the handling is deft, with more than a flavouring of genuine Irish humour and tenderness. In the hands of some of our would-be realists, the story of the Princess might have been made almost insufferable. The child of a mésalliance, the girl returns from her long schooling on the Continent to find the widowed mother, whose beauty she remembers, a beer-sodden sloven. Katharine's fight to maintain her own dignity and shield her mother forms "the true pathos and sublime" of the book, and entitles the heroine to her patent of royalty. A delightful love-story and an exciting hunt for a lost will are other episodes in a charming fireside romance.

L. Q.-C.

[3] "The Story of a Ploughboy." By James Bryce. 6s. (John Lane.)—[4] "Roddles." By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. (John Murray.)—[5] "Dame Verona of the Angels." By Annie E. Holdsworth. 6s. (Methuen.)

[6] "The Children's Bread." By Maude Little. 6s. (Chatto & Windus.)—[7] "The Lure." By E. S. Stevens. 6s. (Mills & Boon.)—[8] "Princess Katharine." By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE RELIGIOUS LIFE.*

The widespread reaction against intellectualism in the treatment of religion has made that blessed word "psychology" sound familiar in circles beyond the pale of philosophy. Book after book appears with "psychology" in its

* "Psychology of the Religious Life." By George Malcolm Stratton, sometime Professor of Experimental Psychology in the Johns Hopkins University; Professor of Psychology in the University of California. 10s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Co.)

title, or with a more or less scientific application of psychological methods in its pages, till every year sees fresh additions to the literature of the psychology of religion or Christianity as the case may be. Some of these volumes suffer from too little psychology, others from too little religion. Some use psychological processes to justify religious convictions which are presupposed ; others have no definite conception of religion as a standard, and consequently tend to interpret it illogically in terms of the savage or the fanatic. The result in many cases is that such treatises yield very little more than partial inventories of the religious consciousness, instead of supplying analytic and synthetic surveys. Some years ago Dr. Hastings Rashdall entered a very necessary word of caution against the desire to base religious belief upon psychology, pointing out that "the business of psychology is to tell us what actually goes on in the human mind. It cannot possibly tell us whether the beliefs which are found there are true or false. An erroneous belief is just as much a psychological fact as a true one." It does not require a wide acquaintance with books on this subject, Gifford Lectures not excluded, to realise how timely such a protest is, and one opens Professor Stratton's volume with a hesitation born of suffering at the hands of his predecessors in this line of inquiry. The hesitation proves, upon the whole, to be unfounded. This book, at any rate, is both psychological and religious. The author has sought evidence not in individual confessions so much as in the more reliable and representative testimonies of vital religious societies, ancient and modern ; furthermore, he has not only followed the right method of inquiry, but has kept steadily in view the war of motives in religion. The sense of conflict and struggle dominates his treatment. This emerges particularly in religions like Zoroastrianism, whereas "for the Greek we might say that faith was required to see that the universe had ever been troubled to its heart" ; but, wherever religion has been vital, it has expressed the yearning for a God on the side of goodness, and effort striving to assert the worth of the moral personality in the universe and to overcome the contradiction of the real and the ideal. Professor Stratton's recognition of this adds distinction and reality to his discussions.

The first three sections describe conflicts in regard to feeling and emotion, action, and religious thought. The last section, which is the shortest of the four, is devoted to the central forces of religion, that is, to the various factors of the idealising process which seeks to represent the Best, reverently and intelligently. Professor Stratton has done justice, throughout, to the truth that the contradictions and conflicts of the religious life are due to its inherent energy ; they represent attempts from one side and another to respond to the rich variety of the Unity which reveals itself to human faith and need. As he remarks, "The very fealty to the Ideal—so intricate is the character, both of the Ideal and of our loyalty to it—stirs into life the most contrary emotions, until in their conflict they rest at fierce tension, or one subdues the other." This applies not only to the differences between one religion and another, but to various phases within the same religion, to the unfolding of the individual as well as of the social consciousness. What lends special value to the treatise is the adequacy with which the expressions and relations of these conflicts are discussed. Professor Stratton's essay makes no attempt to evaporate them into a higher unity, nor to treat them as if they were equivalent merely to the oscillations of the soul in different climates of civilisation. Especially in the third section of the book, where he is face to face with the problems of knowledge in relation to belief and of symbolism in religion, there is a blend of sympathy and penetration which is too rare in the treatment of such questions by philosophical persons. A good instance of this is afforded by the author's remark upon the early creeds and councils of the Christian Church. "Those who denied the real union of humanity and divinity in Christ were, consciously or unconsciously, fighting for the principle of separation between the two orders of life ; they stood for the unchristian doctrine of a God afar off ; their position was, therefore, pronounced to be heresy, and the Church maintained the doctrine that in Christ Jesus there was a mysterious conjunction of very man and very God. It was a battle not of mere logic and metaphysics, for behind the subtle disputes were two very real and practical alternatives of religious life between which it was well that a choice should be made."

The volume is a timely and satisfactory contribution to the "Library of Philosophy," edited by Dr. J. H. Muirhead. Its style is on the whole clear and unambiguous ; Americanisms like "downed" are not frequent, and the occasional touches of local colour are usually vivid and relevant. But a remark on p. 76 puzzles us : "Nature-lovers, like Muir or Wordsworth, are often mild secular anchorites preaching the rewards of turning from convention." Wordsworth we know, but who is Muir ? Who is Muir, what has he done or written, to be bracketed with Wordsworth ?

JAMES MOFFATT.

A STRANGE HOLIDAY.*

A holiday ? Yes, for we take it that both Mr. Prichard and Mr. Gathorne-Hardy went to the Labrador, just as persons of a less toughened physique and of other tastes go to the Riviera, up the Rhine, to Killarney or to Scotland in summer. And with a certain class of persons, all men and women of means, this double-barrelled purpose of holiday-making and book-making is becoming far too common. They go here, there, and everywhere, or pretty nearly so ; then come home and fire their volumes at us poor bookmen, much as they fire at anything in the shape of game in the wilderness through which they take their often devastating holidays. What is more we have to sit and take the firing much the same as the usually unsuspecting game ; except that we can fire back in a way, when we find—as we

* "Through Trackless Labrador." By H. Hesketh Prichard, F.R.G.S. ; with a chapter on Fishing by G. M. Gathorne-Hardy, F.R.G.S. Illustrated with a Frontispiece by Lady Helen Graham, a Map of the Route, and from Photographs. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Tired and Irritable.

From "Trackless Labrador," by H. Hesketh Prichard. (Heinemann.)

do all too often—that the holidaying book-maker has made his enjoyable pilgrimage too obviously with a rifle in one hand, so to write, and a notebook in the other, yet has missed some of the most important things that a traveller should see.

This, however, is not the case with Mr. Prichard. It was not so in his trip to Patagonia, nor in his "Hunting Camps in Wood and Wilderness," and it is not so here. In going to the Labrador (that part of the American continent which the early Norsemen must have been the first Europeans to visit) he went to what is practically virgin country to the writing explorer. Up to his visit we had but, as fellow-workers, Dr. Grenfell—than whom no one knows more of the coast—the unfortunate Leonidas Hubbard, Mrs. Hubbard—who so courageously finished her dead husband's work of exploration—Mr. Dillon Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Tasker and Mr. Cabot, a descendant of those Bristol Cabots who, in the fifteenth century, did so much towards the discovery of parts of North America and to foster trade between the natives there and the English.

But it is hardly fair to write of Mr. Prichard in the singular here; for his comrade appears to have played a most excellent second part in the journey. Indeed, Mr. Prichard pays Mr. Gathorne-Hardy some highly deserved compliments in this respect. So let us say that their explorations were not over the same ground as their forerunners had covered. In fact, they went much further to the north than the tracks followed by the Hubbards and Wallace. Starting from Nain, in 56° 45′ N., on the Atlantic seaboard, they worked almost due west to Indian House Lake, and back to Nain. The mass of things which they tell us, all exceedingly well, could not, obviously, be even hinted at here. Their journey was across a bleak, unexplored plateau of 100 to 200 miles in extent, therefore the hardships were many and numerous. True, game and fish were to be had, but only at times; so that caches were really necessary, or starvation would probably have come to them, as it came to Hubbard. Indeed, little short of real heroism was needed to carry the thing through to a success, and the record makes spirited reading, for there were many narrow escapes in the coming and going. As to Mr. Prichard's additions to our knowledge of the country, the Nascaupee and the Montagnais Indians, the Eskimo, the settlers and a hundred and one other things, we can but be grateful; as we are to Mr. Gathorne-Hardy for his fishery contribution, and for the many fine illustrations which really enhance the value of the book.

J. E. PATTERSON.

THE TREND OF MODERN MUSIC*

There is, nowadays, no lack of theorists who can argue with equal appearance of conviction that the English as a nation are not and never will be "musical," or alternatively that they have an ample claim to that designation. To meet with a writer who assumes the more probable case, namely, that in their sympathy for, and response to, the appeal of music they are neither more nor less endowed than any other great modern nation is rare enough to be refreshing. This is what Mr. Cecil Forsyth does in his "Study of English Opera" entitled "Music and Nationalism."

The fact that Germany, for instance, has produced a long line of illustrious composers, whereas England has not done so, does not necessarily imply that the English are less "musical" than the Germans. It is from some such starting-point as this that the author proceeds to elaborate the theory that it is largely the position of any nation in world-politics which gives to it or withholds from it the opportunity of developing a national school of composers.

Mr. Forsyth considers in detail the history of music in the civilised world during the Christian era and shows that when any nation was intent on what he terms "exteriorization"—the enlargement of its borders or its mental outlook—such conditions were unfavourable to its musical productivity, but that when, through force of circumstances, its energies were, so to speak, turned inwards, such conditions were favourable thereto. He is thus able to offer an explanation of our national sterility in the matter of composers since Henry Purcell, which will square with comparable lapses in other countries.

At the beginning of the eleventh century the whole of Europe was emerging from the melting-pot, and, owing to her insular position, conditions of security and stability grew up soonest in this Island. "We may put it broadly that, from 1154 until 1337 England enjoyed a period of mixed strength, isolation and tranquillity which were the most favourable conditions . . . for the development of music." And we know as a fact that it was at this time that music began to develope in this country.

It was in 1492 that America was discovered. This event changed the whole course of European history, substituting as it did sea-power for land-power as a national ideal, and very shortly the adventurous English had so fixed their attentions on its attainment that they became too restless to continue in any practical manner the development of national music. "It may almost be said that national musical productivity is in inverse ratio to sea-power." And in this condition we have been ever since, more's the pity for our music! But the musical sympathies of the race remained (and remain) and it is doubtless this important consideration which may be held responsible for the long-continued vogue of foreign music in England. The people had to have music of some sort, and since no English composer gave it them they fell back on the foreigner.

Having striven thus to account for conditions of to-day, Mr. Forsyth proceeds to describe them in exhaustive detail with special reference to the question of English opera. He writes with the pen of an optimist and a patriot. He is convinced that "Deep silent spaces of the national consciousness exist (still unvisited) . . . and . . . their very silence and depth should fascinate the explorer." He is convinced that "the English composer has a language which both in the variety of its vowel-sounds and in the dramatic groupings of its rhythms is a far more tractable instrument of musical thought than either French or Italian." He vigorously opposes the idea of fostering a public for opera by performing foreign works translated into English. "Every man . . . if he fully realises his nationality, should find—must find—in every foreign art-work something in some part repellent to his own individuality."

Mr. Forsyth is doubtful whether endowment of opera by the State would lead to the founding of a National School of Opera in England. Composers he thinks would not be far to seek if money and good opera "books" were more easily come by. Certainly we may admit that any system which would give the English composer a better chance of a hearing in his own country than he has at present would be a step in advance. He considers that the music-drama of the future will be in the hands of the man who is himself the maker of the whole artistic structure—drama, words and music, but has to admit that "the accidental conjunction of so many abilities in one mind can occur but rarely." Altogether he has so many rational ideas as to the probable success of English opera if conceived in close relation to our actual life instead of the life-that-never-was with which too many operas have been concerned, that one wishes he would himself set to work and supply us with an opera or operas embodying his ideals.

There is no excuse for any of our rising generation of composers failing through mere technical inability—and this surely is where so many of them have failed and are failing—when they have such books as that on "Musical Composition" by Sir Charles Villiers Stanford from which to glean hints. The highest ideals are here placed before the young composer, and the reasons for the academic rules which he is bidden to observe in order that he may walk before flying are explained, with a literary charm and a

* "Music and Nationalism." By Cecil Forsyth. 5s. net. (Macmillan.)
"Musical Composition." By Charles Villiers Stanford. 3s. 6d. net. (The Musician's Library. Macmillan.)
"Post-Victorian Music." By Charles L. Graves. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

steadfast enthusiasm which should preserve to him his natural freshness and spontaneity throughout the drudgery of his training. The author deplores the common custom of studying harmony first and counterpoint afterwards as being inimical to the growth of a sense of melody. "Study counterpoint first," he says, "and through counterpoint master harmony." He also makes a point of the absolute necessity for the composer to study the *pure* scale—not that compromise of tones embodied in the "equal temperament," of the pianoforte. These are only two of the excellent maxims laid down in the first section on Technique. Rhythm, Melodies and Their Treatment, Form, Colour, the Treatment of Voices—every department of the composer's armoury is provided with its own special grinding and polishing devices, and the final chapter on Danger Signals should awaken a fitting sense of humility in the young musician by contemplation of his responsibilities as an artist.

Mr. Charles L. Graves's "Post-Victorian Music" consists of a reprint of some forty-four articles from *The Spectator*, most of which were suggested by some event topical at the time they were written. As reprinted they are a useful record of our musical activities for the last six or seven years. There is no interdependence between them, and their perusal gives but few clues to any definite constructive policy on the part of the writer. He is rarely found to express himself with much enthusiasm. If he disapproves in a lukewarm manner of Richard Strauss and his Symphonia Domestica he also disapproves in a lukewarm manner of Sir Edward Elgar and his First Symphony. Here and there one scents the boredom which is unfortunately so likely to infect the critic, whose business it is, year in, year out, to listen to concerts and recitals, good, bad and indifferent. The appreciations of musical personages (of which there are many) are alive and interesting, and of course all these studies show the fluent pen-work of the practised journalist.

H. FITCHEW.

WHEELS WITHIN WHEELS.*

Those novel readers who like a story brim full of incident and social adventure will find something very much to their taste in Mr. Stacpoole's new tale. Regarded from a purely literary standpoint it is not, indeed, up to the level of some others of his earlier works. A plot which finds its setting in the intrigues of the Court of King Louis XV. of France can hardly be expected to call forth the same qualities which were so eminently displayed in "The Blue Lagoon" and "The Ship of Coral." But if Mr. Stacpoole has deliberately elected to descend to a less ambitious level he has produced a most ingenious trifle, and one's principal fear is that his very success may induce him to rest content with work of this nature instead of soaring again to higher flights.

Of the complicated tale which he has now written it is impossible to give any very detailed summary. Almost every character is an experienced plotter, and these plotters are occupied with so many machinations against one another, that one grows almost as bewildered as a child gazing upon a kaleidoscope. The principal character is a Baroness Linden who is sent on a mission to the Dauphiness from the Court of Vienna. This lady wins and returns the love of a young nobleman, the Comte de Lussac, who has become a convert to the teachings of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and who is deeply implicated in the revolutionary Société du Midi. To suppress the society and its members is the great object of M. de Sartines, Minister of Police, and when the story opens he is, as he hopes, upon the eve of accomplishing his object. But M. de Sartines, being himself also a piece on the chess-board, is, naturally, in his turn also threatened by other pieces. The great danger to him lies in the fact that he and the King have combined to make a "corner" in wheat at a time when famine is raging throughout France, and that a document embodying this scandalous transaction and signed by de Sartines is in existence. The position, as may readily be understood, is one of infinite possibilities. De Lussac incriminates himself by carelessly confusing two letters, and is sent to the Bastille. Simultaneously the Baroness Linden burgles the bureau of the aged Duc de Richelieu in which the document incriminating de Sartines is kept, and thereby becomes mistress of the situation. We appear to have reached a deadlock as complete as that which Sheridan contrived between the uncles, nieces, and Don Whiskerandos.

But Mr. Stacpoole is equal to all emergencies, and if no Beefeater appears to charge them drop their daggers he finds an equally dramatic solution of the difficulty. De Lussac not only regains his liberty and the papers which prove him to have been concerned with the Société du Midi, but M. de Sartines gets back, through a faithful agent who had disguised himself and taken service with the Baroness, the document which would have ruined his career and, perhaps, have brought disrepute upon the King himself.

The ingenuity with which this story is worked out is quite admirable. Up to the last we are in doubt as to what the final outcome will be, and the very tameness, as it were, of the conclusion is in itself a master stroke. A drawn battle was the last thing in the world which one would have expected to find. Nor is the plot the only excellence. The dialogue is crisp and amusing, and we are not unduly plagued with the insertion of French words and phrases which might with advantage to the reader's patience have been turned into English. The characters, again, though slight, are clearly drawn, and the story as a whole is distinctly superior to most of those of the same type which have appeared since the days of Mr. Stanley Weyman's activity.

M. H. H. MACARTNEY.

* "The Order of Release." By H. de Vere Stacpoole. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

THE AUSTERE ART.*

The distinguishing quality—the "virtue" as he himself would say—of Sir Frederick Wedmore's prose (knightly from the very first) is a kind of full-sailed serenity, an accomplished but industrious calm; it moves, with its spreading periods, for all the world like a full-rigged ship on a windless sea—very royal, very splendid, very lustrous, and, if somewhat slowly, why, still, with a slowness that seems, and that genuinely is, a part of its own intrinsic stateliness. Hard-working enough in its detail, it is always invincibly bland;—and it is just that fundamental contrast which makes it seem so much at its best in a book like this one—a book wholly concerned, that is to say, with the efforts of an art that is itself both majestic and minute, that owes its own charm to a similar blend of calmness and intricate detail. He has often written about it before, of course, obedient to this temperamental affinity; it must be now quite a quarter of a century since he wrote his book on "The Etchings of Whistler";—and probably no one now living has done more (confound him!) to make certain desirable prints for ever unprocurable by the poor penny-a-liner. But of all the long series—the "Whistler," the "Meryon," the "Cameron," the "Helleu"—the latest, which cruises the old seas afresh, is in many ways the richest, roundest, and best. Its task is, once more, frankly the epicure's. Himself no technician—obliged to turn, even now, with a sort of dignified helplessness, to an expert like Sir Frank Short for enlightenment and instruction concerning the simplest details of the craft—he is occupied purely with the cool accomplishment,—only faintly, perfunctorily, and perhaps a trifle disdainfully, with the delicious dirty drudgery that produced it, the anxious and enchanting inky processes. His attitude is the white-fingered Paternal one. "What," he asks himself aloud, in a phrase that

* "Etchings." By Frederick Wedmore. 25s. net. (Methuen.)

recalls a certain more famous one "What is the contribution of the particular etcher's personality to the common stock?"; and the task he sets his learned senses is that of devising elegant answers to that question, of divining and defining the unique personal quality that lurks behind the medium, the "virtue" that is so often overlaid or altered or magnified hypocritically by the accidents and lucky equivoques of the acid or the press. But although the attitude is Pater's,—and often the very accent too,—there is absolutely nothing here of the petulance or freakishness which so many of Pater's spiritual children, young people suffering from temperaments, have felt forced, since the nineties, to display. To the work of each of a hundred-odd masters, from Rembrandt down (very far down, Sir Frederick thinks) down to the infelicitous Felicien Rops, and then up again to Mr. Muirhead Bone, he brings a beautiful steadfastness of vision and a scrupulous care for relative proportions: "*C'est n'estimer personne, qu'estimer tout le monde*" his excellent motto. And when, writing of Meryon's work, he speaks of each of its "lines being well and truly laid—as the stones, themselves, of his buildings" the phrase, like so many of its companions, has some of the firm clarity and temperance of the art which it describes. And so, too, in such an estimate as this, of Appian—done, if one may say so, in the Appian way—

"Appian etched Landscape—Landscape, Light and Distance. People—except as landscape figures excellently stationed—fill no important function in his work. Sometimes they may be absent from his plates altogether. What is seldom absent is Architecture—and that reminds us of Humanity: assures us we are in an inhabited and civilised world. Sometimes the building, in an etching of Appian's, is a fort; a gleaming sunlit tower. Sometimes it may be a Riviera villa: sometimes a villa wall—is it Roman, or French with the stability of Rome—a construction of the department of the 'Ponts de Chaussées'? That does not much matter. It gives, as in 'Le Village de Chanoz' a great line: it binds the landscape together: it helps to compose it. And 'Un Rocher dans les Communaux de Rix' shows, not man's building, but something of the structure and building of the world."

Or in this, from the appreciation of the landscapes of Mr. E. V. Burridge—another lately honoured artist:

"They are the aspect of the moment, clearly and delicately apprehended, finely and firmly rendered. In the first, over a still illuminated river in mid-distance, there is the ominous roll of brooding skies. In the second, we have a receding coast-line, on which is thrown a long cloud-shadow—the sky to the right now luminous again: hopeful: radiant almost—the storm has left it. With light and steady touch—with nothing superfluous permitted, and nothing essential withheld—the hand of Mr. Burridge registers, like a dial, these changing hours."

Criticism like that, itself so "well and truly laid," itself "a fine, firm rendering," as clear and candid as any "dial," of aspects "clearly and delicately apprehended," rebukes, by its measured and seigniorial air, any desire a reviewer might feel, now and then, to make his own criticism captious. To try to pick holes in such smooth work seems a loutish thing, like scratching a marble wall. And only the miserably self-righteous, or the boorish, will feel compelled to call attention to weak points, places where a breach might be effected. Such fellows, no doubt, would fix, first of all, on the little flaw,—though perhaps a typical flaw,—which may be seen at the foot of page 183: the passage where the whole of the curious and important case of Mr. Augustus John is considered, dealt with, and comfortably dismissed in exactly three lines and a half—twenty-four indifferent words! That Mr. John is often maddeningly wilful one admits—with joy; and one realises, too, though perhaps with a sigh, that the often quite deceptive air of merely insolent laxity which his work sometimes has, would be bound, in the nature of things, gravely to offend a mind like Sir Frederick's. But John has done work, some of it his most characteristic, as immaculate, choice, and exquisite as anything by Ingres. And in any case it is surely pretty plain that a book which gives a whole chapter to the pretty needle-work of M. Paul Helleu cannot fob off our modern Goya in a sentence without offending exactly the fine spirit of reverence for proportion and balance which the dismissal pretends it is honouring.

But even that faint murmur of remonstrance is enough to make the spirit of reviewry feel ashamed. And, by way of requital, let it insist, as it slinks back, that the other main quality which is absent from these pages, and which some readers will enquire for complainingly (indeed, one hears them doing so already) is an element that had to be sacrificed, is really the price we all pay for the book's other charms. "Here is a great deal of talk" (it will be said) "about the capacities and personalities of Whistler and Rembrandt and Anders Zorn and the rest of them, but what about the special capacities of the biggest personality of all—the figure of Etching herself? What about *her* 'contribution?' Why is *her* function not defined?" Well, the answer, of course, is that Sir Frederick's way of approach strictly forbids any such enquiry;—that it is one which could only be conducted by working up from the brute basis of the craft, the physical weaknesses and powers of burnishers and burrs and all the glorious gamble of printing;—and that the man who once immerses himself in these elements will never again be able to approach the finished work with that eager innocence of attention which forms the sensitive face of Sir Frederick's dial, the virgin wax to receive the impression. And (as the impatient craftsman ought to realise more often) work done in this unpractical spirit is of far greater practical importance to him than the pedantic writing of the text-book makers, smelling so mightily of "shop." For it offers him a beautiful registration of the final effect produced by his work—a delicate chart from whose readings he may reckon exactly what impression his needle has produced on the ultimate plate of man's mind. The writing, we have said, has some of the quality of a fine print. Not more fantastically it may be said that every page of the letterpress is just the last pull, the final "state," of the master-etchings to which it alludes.

One word as to the other pulls—the real ones,—the forty-four reproductions of the prints themselves. Like all the illustrations in this series ("The Connoisseur's Library" which Mr. Cyril Davenport edits so admirably for Methuen's) they have been very tactfully done. The choice too, is good—though not quite the best: it sometimes seeming clear that the attempt to keep the general proportions right has met more difficulties here than in the text. The solitary Legros, for instance,—a resigned and shrunken landscape—is not one of that great Master's finer things. And the entire absence of Strang, again, produces a real distortion in a selection that includes examples of Mr. Affleck's work and Mr. Watson's and Mr. Burridge's.

DIXON SCOTT.

THE COMPLETE NIETZSCHE.*

One cannot contemplate the completion of the English translation of the works of Friedrich Nietzsche without feelings of gratitude towards the practical enthusiasm of Dr. Oscar Levy who has guided so remarkable an enterprise to success. At the outset the production of a complete set of Nietzsche's works in English was not without commercial hazard, but the results must indeed be gratifying to all concerned for (and it will come as a surprise to many people) no less than seven of the eighteen volumes comprising the edition are in a second, and three are in a third edition. That would indicate the existence of a public seriously interested in Friedrich Nietzsche, for it may be surmised with some certainty that the light interest aroused by journalistic exploitation of the challenge of his thought, and the tragedy of his life, has long since been surfeited, and those who skim over the surface of philosophic fashions are engaged elsewhere. There are, as a matter of fact, a great many people who feel, rightly or wrongly, that Nietzsche has a message for them; and their number is still respectable after it has been written down by the subtraction of those (and they are still many) who misuse or misunderstand him, drawn as they

* "The Works of Friedrich Nietzsche." (First complete and Authorised Translation in 18 volumes). Edited by Dr. Oscar Levy. (T. N. Foulis.)

have been to his work by his apparent, but apparent only to the dull-witted, advocacy of moral license, and his childish and often irritating insistence on a desire to write only for the elect. To say you write for the elect is the surest way of attracting the mediocre. But, whatever, the status of Nietzsche's public there is little doubt that his thought and ideas are at length receiving something like acceptance in this country, or rather, we are at length in the heyday of surprise at the daring of the great German psychologist, although long after he has ceased to startle our continental neighbours. But up to the present his direct influence has been small, what real influence he has had on English writers has been indirect, coming through French, German and Italian authors who have written under his spell. It may be indeed that Nietzsche will not affect us as he has affected others, for we have become inured to the flaming aphorism of revolt in this country by the genius of Mr. Bernard Shaw, a thinker bearing many superficial resemblances to Nietzsche, though fundamentally opposed to him. So similar at times have these two thinkers been that shallow critics have hinted rather broadly as to Mr. Shaw's continental inspirers. The author of "Man and Superman" is strong enough to be his own first line of defence, but it is interesting to note, in the light of past criticisms of his originality, that the publication of Nietzsche's autobiography, "Ecce Homo," actually lays the German open to the charge of having plagiarised the Irishman! In this autobiography, which is, by the way, one of the most remarkable and inspiring books ever written, Nietzsche repeatedly uses the egotistical gags which have been the stock properties of Bernard Shaw's drum and trumpeting for something like a quarter of a century. Before G.B.S. an autobiography like "Ecce Homo," with such chapter headings as "Why I am so wise," "Why I am so clever," and "Why I write such excellent books," might have evoked an admonitory leader in *The Times*, and scare headlines in the *Daily Mail*; but familiarity with that method of self-expression has, as usual, produced indifference.

This is not the place or the time to interpret the Nietzschean idea, even if one could grant that place or time were ever proper to such an endeavour, which is doubtful. No interpretation of Nietzsche can have anything but a purely subjective value. Nietzsche has ever been his own best interpreter, but he becomes doubly so by the publication of "Ecce Homo," which, with a stroke of the pen as it were, robs all his friendly commentators of their validity. All that need be said in a general way about Nietzsche, either in elucidation, in extenuation or even in praise, is said in this wonderful book, and it is said on the authority of the only final authority, Friedrich Nietzsche himself, that is why Dr. Ocsar Levy might have stayed the energy of his translators at the translation, and added himself the few necessary bibliographical and biographical details which are really all the preface each volume requires; not that the existing prefaces are incapable, they are unnecessary. Beyond a natural feeling against being talked to by what might be called conscientious Nietzscheans, before beginning one of the Master's books, I have none but feelings of gratitude for this splendid monument to the genius of the deepest and the highest thinker of our time. The volumes themselves are convenient and quietly dignified both as to type and binding.

The completion of the English translation of his works gives us in this country the first chance of drawing for ourselves a full length portrait of Friedrich Nietzsche, and we are helped very considerably in this task by "Ecce Homo," which is at least a three-quarter portrait of the artist by himself. In this book he not only reveals his own ideas one by one in a sort of organic relationship with each other, he reveals himself also in relation to them, and here they do not always square well together; particularly in the philosopher's aspiration to be a satyr rather than a saint, for Nietzsche was by constitution the latter. He admits to never having had a desire, and from what we know of his life we can believe him: perhaps even Nietzsche was sentimentalizing when he patronized the satyr. His love of health also is unrelated to his condition, or rather related contrariwise, for, of course, it is not the first time an invalid has written vehemently of health. Such inconsistencies are forced upon readers of Nietzsche, not because they affect his philosophy, but because in so intensely personal a thinker they affect your view of him. The fact that his sanity gave way just after he had written "Ecce Homo," in 1889, has been used by many writers as an argument against his ideas, but the relationship in this case is very remote. Nietzsche was undoubtedly sane when he wrote his books, he wrote nothing after his mind gave way. It is conceivable that even the strongest of minds might break beneath such pressure as Nietzsche could bring to bear upon himself, for he was no formal thinker; he did not codify and co-ordinate the already thought-out, he constantly made tracks into the unknown, and it is inconceivable that his ideas should be finally condemned and repudiated because of that. It may be unusual to say instinct is superior to reason; it may be illogical to stigmatize morality as decadent; it may have been wrong of him to prefer Dionysus to Christ or satyr to saint; his objection to ideals may have been inconvenient; his deep sense of the formative value of tragedy may have been unpleasant, and his dream of superman, absurd. But neither the charges of being unusual, illogical, wrong, inconvenient, unpleasant or even absurd, are sufficient, severally or collectively, to convict a man of insanity—or there are very few of us sane. One idea, and one only, in the whole of Nietzsche's works touches the borderland, that is his conception of "eternal recurrence," but that idea, upon which one might brood oneself into Bedlam, is by no means peculiar to him, it exists in all its appalling emptiness in several writers and in many forms. Friedrich Nietzsche is really much saner than most men, or perhaps than any man—he is as sane as the animals. It is his extreme naturalism, in an age conventional and artificial in idea and habit, that arouses doubts as to his sanity. Nietzsche is the naturalist of psychology—a sufficiently new thing to attract and repel. Like life, he is paradoxical, a yea-saying and a destruction. To accept life as a battle and take the consequences without revenge or resentment—and what does not destroy you creates you—that is the essence of Nietzsche. And after breathing the rare air of his thoughts one feels that the unwritten law is no longer unwritten, the contentiousness of life no longer a contention. He calls one of his books, "a book for all and none,"—Nietzsche may be described as a philosopher for all and none.

HOLBROOK JACKSON.

Novel Notes.

THE CURE. By Desmond Coke. 6s. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Coke tells us that "The Cure" is not recommended to—among others—"such rude optimists as expect a laugh on every page," and, in a way, he is right. There may not be an inordinate number of laughs in his "psychologic farce," but there are of smiles. In fact, the book is a lengthy and satisfying grin, from the moment when Lady Medwin decides to leave her husband—because he tells her that her new hat makes her look like "nothing upon earth"—to the last page. The heroine takes refuge at the Selton Hostel —"Therap. baths. Res. phys. Beautiful surr. Mar. view. Congenial Soc." and all the rest of it—and there makes acquaintance with a variety of delightfully assorted cranks. What happens the reader must discover for himself, and we can assure him that he will find no lack of amusement, more especially in the sentimental adventure of Professor Ingleby (of Wigan) and the meeting of the New Truth League, the members of which hold as their principal tenet that they will accept nothing from Man—not even a vote. The whole book is as ridiculously charming as anything we have ever come across.

FIRE I' THE FLINT. By Mrs. J. O. Arnold. 6s. (Alston Rivers.)

Mrs. Arnold is to be congratulated in turning to excellent purpose a subject that is at once new to fiction and of conspicuous momentary interest. The plot of her story moves far from its first moorings, but there can be little doubt that the recollection of her readers will return chiefly to old Ezra Smith, the founder and inspirer of a devoted band of village Morris dancers. The chapters dealing with this are fraught with a fine enthusiasm that would alone give distinction to the story. Cecil Raine and Lawrence Wynward, in the course of a walking-tour, fall easily under the glamour of this enthusiasm, and the interesting story records the fortunes of Ezra's daughter who, leaving her native village, achieves renown as an artiste in London and Paris. From the outset it is made apparent that the volatile Cecil is no mate for this finely-drawn type of sane and brilliant English womanhood, who is the queen of the company in Paris and in London, as she was in her native village; and yet there is nothing better or stronger in the book than the drawing of the morally weak Cecil, who lives on his reputation for a few juvenile epigrams, and stoops to enjoy a momentary fame as the supposed author of Wynward's anonymous successes in fiction and drama. It is a pleasant story, which is made to end happily without doing violence to probability or poetic justice.

THE BARON OF ILL-FAME. By Hester Barton. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

The title of this book seems to us a little unfortunate and misleading. It plainly gave the promise of modern melodrama in its most lurid form, while in reality it is an ambitious historical novel, dealing with Florence in the time of Dante. In one respect, however, the title is certainly justified, for the hero-villain, despite his antiquity, is worthy to be the founder of all the long family of evil barons and baronets of fiction. In short, as Mr. Jingle said, Corso Donati is a really terrible fellow, whose career includes the forcible seizure of his daughter from a convent to compel her to a marriage, from which she is speedily released by death; and his connivance in the poisoning of his wife, to pave the way for his own marriage with his evil genius, Donna Lucia. The story contains some powerfully-drawn scenes, notably the poisoning incident, in the chapter of "The Interrupted Banquet"; and in the death-scene of the miscreant himself. Miss Barton has not overcome all the difficulties of this kind of narrative, the style of her story recalls the once-famous spasmodic school, and in such words as "'Leonora!' cried Filippo hoarsely, letting the dagger fall from his nerveless hand," we seem to detect the ancient hall-mark of Wardour Street English.

PENNY MONYPENNY. By Mary and Jane Findlater. 6s. (Smith, Elder & Co.)

When you suspect a young man, whose health is consistently wretched and whose chief asset appears to be a rather impish intellect, to be on the point of asking your daughter to marry him, you will surely do well to make him promise to do nothing of the kind. So thought Penelope's mother, as sweet and gentle and tactful a mother as one could wish for; but Lorin Weir, the slovenly, facetious, lovable young man in question, who adds to his disadvantages that of being Penny's first cousin, firmly declines to make any such promise. "You might as well ask a man stifling to death to promise not to gasp for air. . . . Of course, you'll all oppose it. I know you will. Oppose away; if she cares enough, I'll say like Luther, though every tile on the house roofs were a devil it won't stop me; though you, and the uncles, and Aunt Deborah, and Booey and the dogs, were all devils you won't stop me, if Pen cares." And the pity of it all is that Pen does care; cares indeed even more passionately than Lorin. The unpleasant, unconvincing development which follows comes as a shock to the reader, and might have been avoided with advantage. Badly trained, unloved, and misunderstood by his crotchety uncles and aunt, Lorin allows himself to drift into a sordid entanglement with—of all people in the world—a vulgar Creole woman, the wife of a friend of the Monypennys. Her eyes thus rudely opened, Pen must needs construct her world afresh, and in this new world a different Pen meets a very different husband. The authors write with rare insight and sympathy; their women are always interesting and cleverly portrayed; and in Penny Monypenny, or Twopenny, as Lorin delights to call her, they have drawn a character as fresh and charming as a spring morning.

THE BREATH OF THE DESERT. By H. Clayton East. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. Hichens has many devoted followers, and the present author would seem to be one of them. If to that attractive style there be added an infusion of Pierre Loti's poetic mysticism, together with not a little of Mr. Douglas Sladen's eloquence and descriptive power, it is obvious that the mixture should be effective. What detracts from the promised effect is that there is little or no plot, and that the characters are ordinary. We know of old the matter-of-fact, uninspiring husband, the dreamy, large-souled, passionate wife longing for a personification of strength she can worship, and the strong, quiet man, making such a perfect lover with his dramatic appearances and disappearances, and his deep-toned voice, and his equally large and deep-toned soul. What novelists refuse to see, but what the ordinary reader of the male persuasion sees clearly enough, is that such a man would soon bore a wife to extinction. It is a relief to turn from this pair with their dreams and visions, their trances and ecstasies, and their unblushing casuistry, to the honest, straight, and thoroughly English Major. What though his stories of stirring life—he does not deal in dreams and trances—are rather dragged in by the scruff of the neck, much as the stories are dragged into "Pickwick," still, come as they may, they bring with them a real breath, not of the hot-house, but of the open air. They ring true and give a very good idea of modern Egypt, except when they momentarily branch off into mysticism and gambling. The Major is the backbone of the book, which else would be rather invertebrate.

LOVE ON THE HAPPY HILL. By Violet Pearn. 6s. (Melrose.)

Marriage, Birth and Death, "the splendour—the rightness that lie behind the great facts of life," these are the terms in which Gerald Dymock, an author afire with the fresh enthusiasm of youth, defines his conception of the beauty of life. Then comes that great teacher Experience, and one by one his ideals are trampled in the mire. He marries a selfish, shallow woman, and "love" becomes loathsome; the birth of his twin children is attended by no uplifting emotions; the deathbed of his wife serves only to emphasise the petty, empty nature of the woman. "Now I've learnt, seen life. And I loathe it. It sickens me—being in love—marriage—motherhood. The things people sentimentalise about. Instincts dressed up in fine clothes. . . ." Thus an older Gerald. The years roll by, and Gerald's daughter, Isolde, in her turn experiences the "great facts of life." The contrast is complete. The solemn beauty attending Isolde's marriage, her child's birth, and her heroic death is the means of restoring to Gerald the lost faith of his youth. The author is to be congratulated on a noteworthy novel; despite the difficult and extensive scope of the story, her treatment of the subject is always masterful, and the forces of realism and idealism are wielded with equal efficiency. In particular the tale is sweetened and enriched by the idyllic love story of Isolde and the sympathetic picture of the Devonshire folk among whom she lived.

DAUGHTERS OF ISHMAEL. By Reginald Wright Kauffman. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

Mr. Kauffman's book is more of a sociological treatise than a novel, but it possesses several very remarkable features. He tells the story of the abduction of an American girl and of the unavailing efforts which she makes to

escape from her surroundings. The book is intended, we are told, for "three classes of readers, and no more. It is intended for those who have to bring up children, for those who have to bring up themselves, and for those who, in order that they may think of bettering the weaker, are, on their own part, strong enough to begin that task by bearing a knowledge of the truth." It is terribly vivid and lifelike, and it gains much from the dispassionate and unsensational methods of the author, who has on the whole handled his theme with much delicacy, though we confess that there are a few details which impressed us as unnecessarily revolting. Never for a moment, however, can Mr. Kauffman's sincerity be called into question, and the effect of his book must, we think, be for good. Mr. John Masefield contributes an outspoken preface.

AN IRREGULAR MARRIAGE. By Sidney Warwick. 6s. (Greening.)

Adrian Cleve's second marriage certainly was irregular to a degree, but Mr. Sidney Warwick's treatment of a theme which is not, in fact, nearly so delicate as it sounds in the title of his book, is entirely unobjectionable. It is also a good deal more than that, for "An Irregular Marriage" is the best novel of pure sensation that we have come across for some time. It is almost impossible for us even to hint at the plot, which is complicated to a degree—though the author himself never seems troubled. Adrian Cleve in the first instance married an actress. She ran away from him, and he heard that she had met her death in the San Francisco earthquake. Cleve then married again, for the sake of a promising Parliamentary career. At the opening of the book he is not in love with his second wife, but his feelings change as soon as he discovers that she cares for him. But it is now almost too late, for the first wife has reappeared safe and sound. To crown everything comes the mysterious murder—of which Cleve is suspected—of the man whom he believes to be at the back of his first wife's desertion of him. Having got his hero into a highly uncomfortable position, Mr. Warwick sets to work to extricate him, and a very difficult business it is. He may be warmly congratulated on the ingenuity he displays, and the clever manner in which he contrives to keep the reader's sympathies on the side of the hero. "An Irregular Marriage" is a very readable book.

CHRISTOPHER. By Richard Pryce. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

The story is aptly named "Christopher." We begin with Christopher's first breath, and we are soon busy storing impressions and memories with the aid of Christopher's baby eyes and ears and nose. Delightful peeps and flashes they are, too, and wonderfully impressive. We grow up with Christopher, first at fierce-eyed Granny Oxeter's in Cheltenham, where people visit us in Bath chairs, and then in picturesque Boulogne—shall we ever forget its sights, its sounds, its smells? And here at Boulogne we are tremendously interested in "the beautiful lady who could not be called upon by grown-up people nor talked about before little boys," because, as dear, proper, good-natured nurse Trimmer informs us, she has run away from her husband in company with a young Englishman. Christopher, however, strikes up a friendship with the young Englishman, who is kind to him and calls him "little chap," and does not rest until he has married Christopher's widowed mother, the sweetest and most tender-hearted of women. Christopher's own love story is very different—hope, despair, hope again, and then, in the hour of joy, the shattering of the idol, the agony of disillusion. But the best part of the novel is the first part, dealing with Christopher's childhood, and we grudge the space devoted to Christopher's fruitless love quest. The love story of his mother is admirably told; the secret processes of the heart, the qualms of conscience, the self-searchings of a woman contemplating a second marriage, are depicted with great delicacy and sympathetic skill. The novel as a whole will certainly rank with Mr. Pryce's best work.

MAID'S MONEY. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. 6s. (Heinemann.)

One of these days Mrs. Henry Dudeney will write a story about men and women who shall be real, faultily human creatures without being unpleasant; for there positively are such people in the world, whose stories are well worth telling, and we are convinced that Mrs. Dudeney can tell them, and will go so far as to forecast that when she does she will not only be recognised as one of the ablest of living women novelists, but will become one of the most popular. She writes admirably, with what for want of a more expressive word one may call a masculine strength of style; moreover, she has a true and sympathetic knowledge of humanity, cunning descriptive powers, and a blessed gift of humour. The characters in "Maid's Money," as in all her books, are wonderfully lifelike, but they are for the most part as unlikeable as they are unlovely. The only one who gets a hold upon you is Laban, the poor, struggling inventor, with the hands that are too elegant—"Horace Walpole might have had them; they are made to hold a sweetmeat-box; nothing stronger." His love for the somewhat coarse-minded, coarse-spoken, middle-aged Sarah is the one idyllic light that breaks through the rather

Photo by Elliott & Fry. **Mrs. Henry Dudeney.**

sordid drabness of the story. "'Oh, but I love you,' he says to her, 'and I seem only to have just found it out, although I have known it all along. How do I know when it first started—love! You don't look on the weaving of the rainbow; the magic arch is there.' 'But that is beautiful, beautiful—and you say it to me,' returned Sarah, in a broken voice, and an awed voice. There were tears in her eyes, and they did not improve her. Suddenly, through the soft mist of this occasion, the sharp truth pierced him—it was a sword glittering in mid-air, supported by nothing. Sarah was old; she was even older than he was himself. He was already assaulted by a wistful sense of the too-late." Sarah and her cousin Rebecca had been the one a nursemaid, the other a private governess; and an old aunt dying left all her fortune between them on condition that they remained single and lived in the house she bequeathed to them in Cornwall. They were only too thankful to escape from the drudgery of servitude, and retired willingly to that haven. Then, for the first time, love came into the life of each of them; but Bosanquet, a disreputable medical practitioner, merely wanted Rebecca for her money; and even Laban's strange love for Sarah

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was involved with thoughts of her wealth, and she knew that he looked to a marriage with her to give him the means to complete his great invention and place it on the market. How could such a story end with happiness for anybody? It is brilliantly written, with shrewd touches of sarcasm and grim humour, and it ends as it was bound to, with happiness for no one, except perhaps Laban, who would certainly have been even more unhappy if he had obtained his desire. The realistic art with which the characters are drawn and the narrative unfolded cannot but win your admiration, and make you the more anxious that Mrs. Dudeney should exercise it in some book in more than one colour that shall handle life's nobler tragedies and finer issues.

THE PRINCIPAL GIRL. By J. C. Snaith. 6s. net. (Methuen.)

Mr. Snaith gives too easy a rein, in "The Principal Girl," to certain sometimes rather irritating eccentricities of style that we think he should curb. A lady of our acquaintance who is a great reader of novels gave this as the reason why she could not get on with it—much to our disappointment, for, despite these flies in the amber, we have rarely enjoyed a new novel so greatly as we have enjoyed this. The humour of character and incident in it is a sheer delight; there are sly little satirical touches on the foibles and small snobberies of modern society and of certain types of twentieth century literary and political character which so tickle you that you must needs laugh within you as you read them. The tale is of the airiest, gayest possible kind. It tells how a young man of good birth and no particular intellect falls desperately in love with the principal girl in a Drury Lane pantomime, and in defiance of the wishes of his parents, who have risen in the world, and are desirous of holding their own among the aristocracy, and in face of discouragement from the girl's grandmother, a charmingly stately old dame with a healthy pride in her great theatrical pedigree, gets his own way, marries his pretty and eminently sensible enchantress, and so far from having to repent comes to realize that he never did anything wiser. Once you grow reconciled to those snags in Mr. Snaith's style you will find this so fresh, bright, pleasant and amusing a novel that in your enthusiasm you won't want to say a word that is not warmly in praise of it. Its dialogue sparkles; it is alive with shrewd and witty comment on the life we are living to-day; and the plot is fashioned and unfolded with such an easy, careless-seeming narrative skill that but for those occasional mannerisms we should scarcely suspect the art of it. In this day of stories that are burdened with heavy problems and abnormal miseries so brilliant a novelist as Mr. Snaith, who knows how to be a true artist in something else than gloom, is a possession we cannot too fully appreciate.

The Bookman's Table.

THE ROLL OF THE SEASONS. By G. G. Desmond. 5s. net. (Stephen Swift.)

We know that it is one of the tritest of platitudes to say that we never count our blessings till we are robbed of them. In childhood, the perambulator is an affliction; in manhood a joy which we cannot possess. We cannot be driven about gratis now, and once we were coaxed and scolded into it. Further, who has not met the yokel who yearns for the city, and we, how often are we sighing for the country! Among our city acquaintances, however, we have discovered the individual who

> "Likes the country, but in truth must own
> Most likes it best, when he studies it in town."

Mr. Desmond's book will delight the town-dweller who enjoys studying Nature most at home, but far more will it delight the many thousands who, being in "the fell clutch of circumstance," are forced to spend their lives in cities while their souls thirst for the simple joys of the country. "The Roll of the Seasons" is a collection of Nature articles reprinted from "The Nation." A happy gift of expression belongs to Mr. Desmond, and, most important of all, he writes with authority and kindly enthusiasm. We place his book on an accessible shelf, knowing full well that many will be the times when from it we shall seek and find solace for our city-stained soul.

THE WORKS OF MAN. By Lisle March Phillipps. 7s. 6d. net. (Duckworth.)

Mr. L. March Phillipps has written a very distinguished book which it is probably a test of real culture to appreciate. "My desire has been," he says, "to confine myself to the consideration of art as an expression of human life and character. Selecting some of the great periods, or creative epochs, in the art of the world, I have endeavoured to deduce from them the distinguishing qualities, limitations, and point of view of the races which produced them." Above all he deals with architecture—Egyptian, Greek, Roman, Gothic, Arab, and Italian—as "the most broadly human of all the arts . . . the richest in human character." He has already given us more than a hint of his methods in his second book, "In the Desert"; his first being a record of the Boer War, "With Rimington's." One chapter of this new book, in fact, repeats portions of "In the Desert," in a reduced and more abstract form. It deals with "The Arab in Architecture," and shows how "the whimsical civilization which accompanied the Arab dominion and broke into so wild a frenzy of necromantic and astrological speculations is paralleled with curious felicity in the odd and freakish shapes, the flame-like mounting spirals and fantastically curved and twisted arches, into which the new architecture instantly developed." The sobriety and lucidity of the writing are beautiful and it must be pointed out that they make reading so easy as perhaps to blind the careless reader to the underlying learning and even to the importance of the result. Yet there is an excuse for the reader who is blind in this way. For Mr. March Phillipps has attempted to do a very great deal in a small space. His method has been to take away the flesh and blood and leave the graceful articulated bones—admirable, but a skeleton nevertheless. The obvious alternative was the impressionistic method. Had he used this he might have given some examples to help the reader who cannot instantly take up every hint from geography and history as it is made. He has left hardly anything to catch the eye. And Mr. March Phillipps takes other things for granted in a manner which has challenged our attention. He calls the Arabs fiery and unstable: their civilization and their arches crumbled. But he explains nothing when he compares their mental activity unfavourably with the rational culture of the European, and says "it was not indeed activity of the intellect so much as activity of the fancy and imagination." This strikes us as a very casual use of words: "fancy" and "imagination" do no more than cover up a difficulty which he elsewhere indicates as "the element, strongly mixed with the Arab civilization, which differentiates it from that of the Western races." The probability is that he has not gone far enough back. He has touched brilliantly on the swift Arab warfare and the swift Arab style of building as they appear to a Western mind, but he has hardly done more to show why they failed than to give that apparent weakness a depreciatory familiar name. He is inclined to say that the Arabs were passionate, and that passion fails before reason, and to say also that they failed and therefore must have been lacking in reason.

AN ACTOR'S NOTEBOOKS. By Frank Archer. 7s. 6d. net. (Stanley Paul.)

It is curious how many men who have lived a full and interesting life have little of interest to tell you about it when they come to sit down towards the end of their careers and talk about the past. They have taken part in great events, but have no special or vivid remembrance of them; they have been comparatively intimate with famous men, but recall little of what they said and can tell you nothing

Mr. Frank Archer.
From "An Actor's Note Books," by Frank Archer. (Stanley Paul.)

much about them. We have been delighted to find that Mr. Frank Archer is not one of this unobservant majority. He has had a full and interesting life, he has met many famous and interesting men, and has observed and heard and remembered so much that he has been able to write one of the most attractive and most useful books of theatrical memoirs we have read for many years. He acted in the plays of Wilkie Collins and Charles Reade, came into close personal relations with these two men and adds something to our knowledge of both of them. Some of the Wilkie Collins letters that he prints are a distinct and important gain. He knew Westland Marston, Joseph Knight, Irving, Toole, all the leading actors of the later nineteenth century years; he counted Tom Taylor among his best friends, and gives an excellent descriptive account of a visit he paid to Tennyson at Farringford. He repeats the shrewd advice that Wilkie Collins gave him on the art of story writing, and sets down his conversation with Collins and others with an almost Boswellian cunning and minuteness. There are a good many references to Dickens, too; once Mr. Arnold heard him read at St. James's Hall, and "he left on me the impression that his powers of impersonation were greater than his ability in sustained, even reading. For instance, in level passages such a reader as Bellew was his superior, though when it came to realizing any of the characters of his own creation, dramatically, he reigned supreme." Not the least entertaining parts of the volume are those which touch on Mr. Arnold's personal experiences as an actor; but indeed the whole book makes capital reading, and is one that is sure of a permanent place among the records of the English stage.

MASTERS OF ENGLISH JOURNALISM: A STUDY OF PERSONAL FORCES. By T. H. S. Escott. 12s. 6d. net. (Unwin.)

In journalism the rule is that the unexpected happens. Changes in "the street of adventure" are as frequent as they are kaleidoscopic. To write more than a newspaper sketch about our newspapers is to risk a fall. Even Mr. Escott, with his wide, varied, almost unique experiences, and the special sources of much of his information, has been unable to avoid mistakes. Some of these mistakes are personal; some, such as the allusion to Grove's "History of *Europe*," (p. 225), are obviously the result of ineffective proof-reading. Perhaps the author has attempted too much. Certainly, though Mr. Escott's excursions into antiquity are in their way delightful, as coming from one who has never forgotten his scholarship in his journalism; and the pages devoted to the writers of news-letters and such "fathers of journalism" as Defoe, Steele, Addison, Cobbett, and the two Hunts make capital reading, one would have preferred the story proper to begin with the Walters in chapter One or Two rather than in chapter Seven. And it would have been an advantage from the reader's point of view if the art of the paragraph had been cultivated more assiduously. As it is the attention is frequently switched off from one topic to another without any preliminary note being sounded. An example of this is to be found on page 280, where, following on a reference to a veteran journalist, in which the personal pronoun is used, we have a sentence beginning "On his death," which came as a considerable shock to the present writer till he grasped the fact that the "death" referred to was that of the proprietor with whom the journalist in question had been associated. However, these matters are as the straws that on the surface float. The pearls, if submerged, exist; and those who take the necessary plunge will find them in fair quantity and lustre. Mr. Escott's book will serve as an authority for many years to come; no journalist will read it without interest and refreshment. And its tone is so kindly throughout that it seems ungracious to draw attention to its imperfections. The author, whilst fully alive to the advantages of the old school, takes to the new as a duck takes to water. He is not out to flatter the newspaper man. His view is that we are newspaper-ridden rather than newspaper driven. To him the journalist is "a stormy petrel," a "fisher in troubled waters." But "he has, in twentieth-century journalism, a dozen chances of making his personal mark where, under the old régime, he would not have had one." As to the future, where London is concerned, Mr. Escott's verdict is that "the point has been reached when experience seems likely to place its veto upon the repetition of undertakings already proved to be impracticable." In fine, journalism has sounded its last note and left no stratum of the reading public untapped. The *Tribune* failed "because the public that commended and might have bought it was sufficiently supplied already." Like the stores, the great newspapers have become all-embracing. So far as we ourselves can foretell, the fat kine will swallow up the lean kine; or, to vary the metaphor, the comparatively small "shops," will combine and form a counterpart themselves to the stores.

CASANOVA AND HIS TIME. By E. Maynial. Translated by E. C. Mayne. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Most people are far better acquainted with the charlatan of fiction than the charlatan of fact, with the inimitable Dousterswivel of the "Antiquary" than the Italian swindler who adorned the eigtheenth century. Once more ignorance is bliss; but if they would have thrust upon their vision a yet more satisfying picture of Sir Walter Scott's genius than they behold already, let them read this version of the Italian rogue's memoirs, and realise how "the Wizard of the North" in consulting old records utilised the materials at his disposal, how he placed a mass of nauseating rascality in his alembic and distilled from it a companionable and humorous character. "Den comes one herald, as we call Ernhold, winding his horn; and den come de great Peolphan, called the Mighty Hunter of de North, mounted on hims black stead." This is better than persuading a poor feeble-witted old dame that she is going to be reincarnated in a young boy. In his "Memoirs," which for cynical delight in wickedness rival those of Benvenuto Cellini, Casanova frankly ascribes some of his prestige to good luck. It was

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a stroke of luck that enabled him to make a hit with his oracular answers to M.d'O's questions as to the whereabouts of his lost portfolio. He was lucky too to live in an age when in France at all events "ennui had reduced everybody" (i.e., the upper ten thousand) "to lunacy." But he fortified his good fortune with much hard study. "He was crammed with Paracelsus, and was a great reader of Nostradamus." And so when, after serving his apprenticeship in deluding the treasure hunting farmer by the Rubicon, and a Venice nobleman, and the superstitious M.d'O, he came to Paris, he speedily scaled the heights of success: "All the women wore his portrait; he pretended to cure nearly every known ailment, sold a liquid which had the virtue of keeping those who drank it for ever at the same age; evoked the dead, and gave interviews to the highest personages in the State in the posture of an inspired Sibyl." Luck came again to his aid when the old Marquise d'Urfé, "the doyenne of the French Medeas," failed to attain the promised reincarnation. He had carried on the farce as far as he dared, had made the poor old lady stand in the water at Marseilles while the moon wrote comforting messages on the rippling waves, and then when the crisis was upon him, she most opportunely died. His prestige was saved so far as the Marquise was concerned, but Paris was beginning to see through him, and he retired to "embattail and to wall about" his fading reputation by taking up with what he cynically termed "the sublime trifling of freemasonry." His subsequent career was only remarkable for a visit to England in which he was routed by a young woman a trifle more knavish than himself, and by a friendship with that gambler and libertine Lorenzo da Ponte, whom an unkind fate inflicted on the world as the worthless librettist of two immortal tone poems, the "Nozze di Figaro" and "Don Giovanni."

FLOREAT ETONA. By Ralph Nevill. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

There are many books about Eton, and the appearance of a new volume on the most famous, if not perhaps the best, of all our public schools should boast some special feature to justify its existence. It is likely that Mr. Nevill can substantiate such a claim by reason of his remarkably well informed chapters on the ancient fabric, associations, and general history of his old school and on the really excellent series of illustrations that he has chosen to adorn his lively and engaging text. For Mr. Nevill, who is not faultless either as a writer or a critic of life, has a backing of sound intelligence behind many of his strongly-expressed opinions. It is equally surprising and pleasing to find so ardent a Tory denouncing the horrors of Long Chamber and criticising the abuses that were put an end to with the divorce of Eton from Kings. He has little to tell us that is new, and a good deal that is not new, concerning Dr. Keate, Montem, and a dozen other figures and facts of traditional Etonian lore, but he loves a good story almost as much as he hates a good Socialist. Witness his legend of the Founder's statue, which remains at the present well-nigh as grimy as it was when the small child of a college official was led to understand that Henry VI. had been a black man. As a loyal son of Eton, the infant in question learnt to salute the statue whenever he passed it in the school-yard. On visiting Windsor with his nurse, and perceiving a private of one of the West India regiments, the child believed itself confronted by Henry VI. in the flesh. Solemnly rising in its perambulator and exclaiming "Founder," the infant accorded the astounded soldier a reverent salute. The "restoration" of the College Chapel in 1847, thanks to the well-intentioned but ill-advised munificence of Wilder, is discussed by Mr. Nevill with the outspoken censure that it richly deserves. It is interesting, too, to know the genesis of the popular "Eton Boating Song," the words of which were written by the eccentric assistant master "Billy" Johnson, whose epigram, by the way, about a colleague who wore a long beard, is hardly worthy of being put on record. Mr. Nevill grieves for the discontinuance of "Montem," though the ceremony seems to have been rowdy and unedifying enough, and the extortion of money from wayfarers by boys armed with swords seems to have little to recommend it on the score of good manners or taste. But well-a-day, these "old festivals" must be "defended against the attacks of those hawk-eyed commercial gamblers who, calling themselves 'business men,' dominate the modern world." And of Herbert Stockhose, the Montem Poet, we learn that though of lowly birth his qualities secured him a unique place of many far above him in rank. "The Board School," adds Mr. Nevill, "has now rendered all such humble types extinct." For which Mr. Nevill is partly consoled in that the college drag-hunt still continues, despite "the absurd agitation of so-called humanitarians," to whose voices of "hysterical sentimentalism" the authorities very properly refused to listen.

IN A GERMAN PENSION. By Katherine Mansfield. 6s. (Stephen Swift.)

These are not kind sketches of what the publishers call "the heart, and mind, and soul of the quaint Bavarian people." They are, on the contrary, wild, and free and untrammelled, almost to a painful degree of candour—so untrammelled, indeed, as to make one wonder, whether after all, the author has not spoilt her own effects by the emphasis she places upon the beast hidden in some men. Some critics may contend that this is the sort of sketch we shall get almost inevitably when the modern woman becomes really articulate, but, for our own part, we prefer to think that Katherine Mansfield has been led away by the intensity of her vision, and by what she imagines wrongly are the ultimate requirements of art and of truth. There was really no sound necessity for writing such morbid sketches as "The Swing of the Pendulum," or "The Child Who-Was-Tired," and the treatment of the young man and the servant, Sabina, in the chapter entitled "At 'Lehmann's'" only leaves one with a sense of infinite repulsion. In the other sketches where she observes the peculiarities of Bavarian manners at table, in conversation, on the domestic horizon, and in dress, Miss Mansfield is undeniably penetrating, clever, and effective. In her first sketch, "Germans at Meat," there is also an exceedingly amusing comparison between the appetites of the English and the Germans. Thus the German Herr Rat explains how "at nine o'clock I make myself an English breakfast, but not much. Four slices of bread, two eggs, two slices of cold ham, one plate of soup, two cups of tea—that is nothing to the English." Whereupon one Fraulein Stiegelauer answers: "Do they really eat so much soup, and baker's bread, and pig's flesh, and tea and coffee, and stewed fruit, and ham and eggs, and cold fish, and kidneys, and hot fish, and liver? And do the ladies eat that too, especially the ladies?" "Certainly," quoth the Herr Rat magnificently, "I, myself, have noticed it when I was living in an hotel in Leicester Square." Later, in the conversation, a speaker says blandly to an English visitor when the question of invasion is discussed: "You English have got no army at all; only a few little boys with their veins full of nicotine poisoning." And a more generous German added: "Don't be afraid. We don't want England. If we did, we would have had her long ago."

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In her latest story, **The Cost** (6s.), Miss L. G. Moberly cannot be said to have found a subject equal to the ability frequently displayed in her writing. There are many pages of excellent and sharply-defined description, but the whole is made to turn round a somewhat commonplace and not very convincing story of seduction. At the turning-point of her fate, Joyce Meredith has not the courage to confess her fall, but returns to her father's house to experience to the full the nemesis of duplicity. It is doubtless a striking situation, but no less certainly an inartistic improbability, that brings into her happy married life her abandoned daughter as her children's governess. At this, and at many points in the story we catch ourselves thinking of "East Lynne," and never more so than before the fall of the curtain, when husband and wife are reconciled at the death-bed of their child. "'Little son,' he heard her whisper, 'Little son—I—am going to try—and learn my lesson.'" We are bound to confess that we have grown too cynical to shed a single tear more over such indecent assaults on our emotions.

MR. EVELEIGH NASH.

The title-page and Table of Contents, and a not easily-missed prefatory note, should, we think, be the medium of informing the reader that a book is a collection of sketches and not a continuous novel. Because the opposite method is still a not infrequent practice, we take leave to raise the protest in connection with **Love and Laughter,** by John Savile Judd (3s 6d. net), a collection of forty very skilful and dainty sketches. Mr. Judd's work is often reminiscent, but usually very happily so, as in his delightful sketch "An Old Retainer," in which Mrs. Wheeler pretty plainly betrays her Elian descent. "She adores Royalty. She rejoices when Royalty rejoices, and mourns when Royalty mourns. She thought that she was doing rather a presumptuous thing in living after Queen Victoria. . . . Current events affect Mrs. Wheeler in an uncommon way. There is no such thing as a nine days' wonder with her. She wonders for years about things. She is still worrying about the Druce case."

MESSRS. SIDGWICK & JACKSON.

In **Phyllis and Felicity,** Diana Meyrick (6s.), James Diggory Marveigne, son of Sir Diggory Marveigne, had married Felicity Clun, the daughter of his mother's French maid, and the village Whiteley. Felicity had died after giving birth to a daughter—another Felicity. James Diggory Marveigne had incurred the displeasure of his aristocratic relations when he married Felicity Clun, but on her death they welcomed him back into the family fold. Felicity, junior, however, was sent into exile at a seaside resort under the care of an aunt. She would never have returned home had it not been for the death of Lady Alicia, Marveigne's second wife, who had borne him a daughter, Phyllis. Phyllis and Felicity, therefore, had never met until the story opens. Phyllis being the daughter of Lady Alicia was, of course, genteel and full of good works, but rather shy. Felicity, being the daughter of Felicity Clun, was rather common and selfish and cocksure. Their good looks, however, amply atoned for their shortcomings. The story, as would naturally be expected, describes the adventures of two young ladies in a great hurry to get married. Felicity had given her hand to a poet at Southsea, but when she came home she forgot Southsea and robbed Phyllis of her Prince Charming, the Radical M.P., and popular young squire. The poet pursued Felicity, however, and Felicity was only playing with the Radical M.P., and everything ends as it should end. Miss Meyrick has not written a great book, but we predict a success for it at the circulating libraries.

MESSRS. JOHN LONG, LTD.

In **Chicane** (6s.), the assistant of a sort of feminine Raffles tells of the adventures of herself and her companion in the search for money. The two ladies are not particular about their (usually burglarious) methods, but they are likeable enough to read about, though we confess that we should not like to meet quite such desperate persons in real life. In fact, Mr. Oliver Sandys's new book is entirely non-moral, but it is also vivacious and readable—a sure amusement for an idle hour.

MESSRS. JOHN OUSELEY, LTD.

In **Darwin and the Bible** (6s. net) Mr. H. Armytage has compiled a lengthy and elaborate counterblast to certain Darwinian theories. Although the author shows but slight acquaintance with recent developments of the doctrine of evolution, his book contains much sound work, and it should be particularly useful to speakers at meetings of working men. Full references are given and a large variety of subjects covered, but the volume would have benefited by the inclusion of an index. It cannot be denied, however, that its subject-matter is at once interesting and effective.

MESSRS. GREENING & CO.

Mr. Guy Thorne takes up an essentially sombre and painful theme in **The Drunkard** (6s.), and tells the story of a brilliant young man of letters, Gilbert Lothian, who had inherited dipsomaniac tendencies from his father. In his normal condition, Gilbert is a charming, right-minded man of fine ideals and

Photo by Lanyon, Cornwall. **Mr. Guy Thorne.**

honourable thoughts, but under the influence of drink he degenerates into a base and contemptible creature without scruples or any sort of self-control. He is married and loves his wife, a quiet, trustful, patient little woman; but when he is in the grip of the drink habit he loathes her, and is false to her. The story ends, as it was bound to, in tragedy. The regeneration that follows the tragedy is effectively managed, but not quite convincing. It was, perhaps, a mistake to make both Gilbert and his illegitimate brother warped by this same dipsomania, and to make each of them murder his wife; and such phrases as "the Fiend Alcohol" have a cheap air that jars a little; but there are strong passages in the story which is full of interest and suggestion, especially for those who are concerned with the problems of temperance reform.

MESSRS. ALSTON RIVERS.

We believe **The Cloak of Convention,** by Leslie Moore (6s.) is a first novel, and if it has here and there some flaw of immaturity, more of thought perhaps than of expression, it is on the whole well written, and has in it much of promise. But the author does not win our sympathy for Zoe; she and Dick Vincent live together as man and wife, and we are expected to regard her as a fine, high-souled, noble girl, yet this is all her explanation of her conduct when, after Dick's unexpected inheritance of a peerage has separated them, she has learned to love someone else, and her past comes to light: "He was poor as I was then. I had not begun to make money by my writing. I barely earned enough to keep myself. And it was the same with him." This poverty is also at the outset pleaded as the sufficient reason, but how two people can afford to live together without being married, yet cannot afford to marry and live together, needs more explaining. If Miss Moore will leave that weary old theme alone and tell us a story of people who are big enough and brave enough to be conventional, we predict that her next novel will be something well worth reading. This is good; but we are sure she has it in her to do better.

MESSRS. CASSELL & CO.

Mr. S. Leonard Bastin's book, **Wonders of Plant Life** (3s. 6d. net) is popular in the best sense, being at once thought-provoking, readable, and accurate. In the course of eight chapters the author covers the whole story of plant life from seed to maturity, and he makes frequent diversions to cover the particular aspects of various special cases. Much attention is devoted to the perpetuation of species, and an especially interesting chapter deals with the feelings of plants. A striking feature of the volume is the large number and general excellence of the illustrations, eight of which are very beautiful specimens of colour printing.